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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL T. CLOVER, Editor R. O. FOOTE, Associate

## GERMANY RECEDES BUT THREATENS

WITH bad grace and a covert threat to renig, if the United States doesn't get after Great Britain with an equally sharp stick, Germany promises to "be good" and stop attacking enemy merchant ships without warning—"unless the ships attempt to escape or offer resistance." This is a complete reversal of the previous declaration of the German government, in effect March 1, that German submarines would sink armed merchantmen, flying belligerent flags, without notice. Thus the contention of the United States that merchant vessels have the right to arm for defense, heretofore strenuously opposed by Germany, receives recognition, although the note from Berlin intimates that should the United States fail to attain the object it desires, "to have the laws of humanity followed by the belligerent nations" then the German government would be facing a new situation "in which it must reserve to itself complete liberty of decision." In other words, Germany will observe "the laws of humanity" sharply demanded by the last Wilson note, rather than suffer a break with the United States, but—and this may be a paragraph purely for home consumption—"we do not agree to maintain observance of humanity's laws if Washington is lax in her efforts to compel Great Britain to cease the inhuman blockade that, if continued, will starve Germany." Here, possibly, is the nub of the entire wily answer. Is Berlin attempting to employ your Uncle Samuel to extract her chestnuts from the fire? "Put on the screws with England as you have applied them to us" would appear to be the tenor of the note, "and by winning our fight for us we shall be delighted to concede your point." Is it a clever effort to shift the onus? "We will stop our inhumanities," agrees Germany, "but unless you force Great Britain to allow us to be provisioned by neutral ships we may revert to savagery at any moment." Meanwhile, Great Britain is proceeding no whit more unfairly to bring Germany to her senses than did the United States in the Civil War, when our ships blockaded the Southern ports, or when Germany starved Paris into capitulating. What can we say to Great Britain when she retorts, "We are merely following the course you have yourself approved!" In a sense it is inhuman, but so is any phase of war, for that matter. Our government contends that the rights of neutrals are invaded by the retaliatory attacks on merchant ships, without warning. The German government has again sought to confuse the issues by the sinister clause, but if she ceases her indefensible practices the United States can afford to overlook the blustering menace contained in the final paragraph of the note. The main thing is that orders have been issued annulling the arbitrary orders of February 8, effective March 1. It is a distinct victory for the cause of humanity now and for all time. This country need not pay attention to the pouts and grimaces and scolding threats which the note holds; the great point is that the inhuman submarine warfare is to be stopped. All's well that ends well.

## HOME RULE DEALT A FOUL BLOW

DEPLORE as one may the summary reprisals meted out by the British government to the Irish leaders in the late unpleasantness at Dublin what else could be expected? Sedition at home, when the nation's life is at stake, calls for the most drastic punishment,

if only for the sake of example. At any other time the efforts of patriotic revolutionists to secede from the established rule and set up an Irish provisional government might be stimulative of sympathy, misguided though it be considered, but to choose such a time as this, when thousands of Irish lads are fighting in the trenches to maintain the permanence of democratic principles is surely provocative of stern disapproval. It is probably true, as charged, that the unfortunate men, who have paid the penalty of their folly with their lives, were incited to treason by German agents whose insidious promises led the inflammable and emotional Irishmen into committing the rash acts that had so pitiable and so inevitable a conclusion. The pity of it is that Ireland, after struggling for years to attain that political freedom which home rule assures should, by the reprehensible conduct of a few foolish men, see that long-desired goal vanishing! That the movement was partially financed in the United States is charged by John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists in the British house of commons, who has bitter and caustic criticism for those who sent the misguided young men into "the insane and anti-patriotic movement while they remained in the safe remoteness of American cities." Too bad, that these "remote patriots" cannot be reached and dealt with as they deserve.

## NEW YORK BOSSES TO CONTROL

COMMENTING on the presidential nomination insofar as the Republican party is concerned William Allen White of the Emporia Gazette says that all over the east the opinion prevails that the Colonel will be nominated. He admits that it would be a sensible action on the part of the convention but realizes that the temper of the delegates is in opposition as witness the twenty Kansans accredited to the Chicago gathering of whom eighteen, he declares, hate Roosevelt "like poison." Still, he adds, they have just as much use for him as the Kansas delegation had in 1904, "when it took the Colonel and hogtied him with a platform which he repudiated as soon as the convention adjourned." That New York will boss the national gathering is conceded, which means that the delegates must "take program." Editor White thinks that New York would rather "divide up with the American people under the Roosevelt policies, than be blown up by Kaiser Bill under the German policy." But President Wilson has interposed a veto on the latter program and he will be a prominent factor in the next election no matter who is nominated at Chicago.

## STUDENTS FOR OUR RESERVE FORCES

DEBATING the subject of national defense in the senate a few days ago, Mr. Hardwick of Georgia contended that if we have another war the boys of this country, from eighteen years old up, possibly, from sixteen years up, will fight its battles. This is a startling thought, but when it is considered that 104,987 soldiers who fought in the Civil War were under fifteen the Georgia senator's statement is seen to be not so far astray. Besides, official statistics reveal that in the Civil War 844,891 soldiers were under seventeen, and 1,151,434 were under eighteen, while 2,159,798 soldiers engaged in that momentous struggle had not attained their majority. It is fair to assume that a like proportion of boys will enlist to fight their country's battles in the event of another war, hence the demand of Mr. Hardwick that it is the part of wisdom as well as a duty to the boys to give them that training which will make them better soldiers, enabling them to give better account of themselves and render to the country more efficient service. The senator from Georgia had introduced a provision in the bill to increase the military establishment of the United States which guarantees to the lads attending summer encampment the same pay as the officers and men of the regular army of corresponding rank receive. He estimates that there are two million boys in schools and colleges eligible and that 25 per cent will take advantage of the offer. It has been argued that a training of this nature will imbue our lads with the military spirit, rendering them unfit for civil duties, but it is not a well-grounded fear. The main purpose of the amendment is to train the boys who are likely to be called upon or who will volunteer

in case of danger to the country hereafter; to give them, as the President expressed in one of his speeches, a rudimentary knowledge of military training, of camp life, and of military discipline; so that when they do volunteer, as they would volunteer and as they will volunteer, in case of need, in a much less time than otherwise they can be made ready to go to the front. We are glad to note that the provision was approved by the senate by a vote of 56 to 24, Senator Works of California, it is regretted to say, opposing the measure. By the terms of Senator Hardwick's amendment the secretary of war is authorized and directed to detail for service as instructor in military tactics one or more commissioned officers of the United States army to every college or school in the United States where there are as many as 100 male students 15 years of age and over, in all cases where the authorities of such school or college make application for such detail and where the requisite number of students desire and consent, with the full consent of their parents or guardians, to receive such training and agree to become a part of the reserve forces of the United States. The term for which said students shall enlist in the reserve forces shall be for and during the term of their connection with school or college, including vacations, and shall in no case be for less than 12 months. Such students shall not be subject to active military service except in connection with their training, and except in connection with such mobilizations as may be had during school vacations, for which latter service they shall be paid at the same rate that officers and men of corresponding ranks and grades are paid in the regular army: Provided, That in case of war or threatened war, then the President of the United States is authorized to call into the active military service the whole or any part of such reserve forces: And provided further, That no person under 18 years of age shall be called into the active service under this section. We shall hope to find the house strongly concurring in this excellent amendment.

## TEXAS' BICENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

NEXT candidate for exposition honors—and consequent troubles—is the Lone Star State which is planning to hold a Pan-American Exposition at San Antonio in 1918. It is to be an exposition dedicated to the history of Texas and the southwest and will typify the Texas and the New Spain of the sixteenth century, with a view to awakening a sense of ancient and historic unity in the two Americas, for closer trade relations between the United States and the other countries of Pan-America are chief among the objects of the exposition. If it is to feature the daring expeditions of De Soto, Onate, Coronado, Mendoza, Cabeza and others into the various portions of the trans-Rio Grande it will present alluring scenes. According to Senator Sheppard it will portray the planting of the colorful settlements, composed of mission, presidio, and village, from the Rio Grande valley, through what are now New Mexico, Arizona, and California, to the Pacific coast. It will present these and other phases of American history that have been but little emphasized in the ordinary narratives of the schools. The seventeenth century that marked the advent of the English and the French in North America will be vividly recalled. It is planned to assemble documents and relics bearing upon the early history of the southwest on a scale never before attempted and with a setting that only San Antonio can provide. The presidio of San Antonio de Bejar was founded by Martin de Alarcon, governor of the province of Coahuila, in 1718. Near the presidio or fort he established the mission of San Antonio de Valero, headed by Padre Olivares. It was the chapel of this mission, which, more than a century later, was to become the scene of the martyrdom of the heroes of the Alamo. With the erection of the fort and mission San Antonio began an existence which in 1918 will have spanned its second century. It was in that same 1718 that New Orleans came into existence. Certainly, San Antonio has had a most picturesque history and in determining to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of her birth by holding—in conjunction with the state—an exposition dedicated to her own history and that of Texas and the southwest the remainder of the country, particularly California, is ready to extend hearty felicitations.

# Over the Famous Apache Trail From Phoenix,

## (Editorial Correspondence)

TRAVEL-WORN, jaded appetites, with a craving for novelty, whose blasé owners fancy there is nothing new left for them to experience in the way of scenery in the United States are due for a sharp jolt, not physically, but mentally, if they will undertake a two-days' side trip, enroute east, over the Apache trail. I speak advisedly, for I have tried it. Through passengers for the east, via the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific to New Orleans, thence by steamer to New York, leaving Los Angeles at 3:00 p.m. are in Phoenix next morning at 6:15 and after a comfortable breakfast may engage passage on the auto stage for Globe, Arizona, by way of the picturesque Apache trail, whose charms, once tested, they will never weary of extolling. Regaining the railroad (Arizona Eastern) at Globe, there is a four-hours' ride to Bowie, on the main line of the Southern Pacific, where the conventional sleeper carries the spiritually-fed and physically-glorified traveler to El Paso, and onward, rejoicing in the enjoyable diversion he has experienced. So much by way of preliminary.

\* \* \*

Wes Hill, poet, stage driver and standpat Republican, who operates the auto line out of Phoenix, is one of nature's originals. He left Chicago in his early 20's to drive a mule team across country to New Mexico and the adventures he encountered on the way lose nothing in the vivid recounting he gives. Geronimo was still at large when the emigrant train, of which Wes Hill's wagon formed a part, ambled northward through Texas to New Mexico. Several times attacked by roving bands of Apaches, the whites were strong enough to stand them off without great loss, and vigilant enough to forestall any surprise. That year and a half of freighting and fighting, with open-air living ever since, are reflected in the sturdy figure and healthy tan of the Illinois exile, who at fifty-six looks not a day older than forty.

I had the seat of honor out of Phoenix next to Wes. He early confided that Arizona is going Republican this fall, so far as the chief elective offices are concerned, and that Teddy Roosevelt—his idol—will be our next President. Wes has held several appointive offices of trust. A term as territorial auditor, two years "in jail" and several years in the insane asylum are among his political services. He explained, before I had a chance to feel uncomfortable, that he had been deputy warden of the territorial penitentiary and steward of the state insane asylum. At Tempe we took on another passenger and at Mesa, eighteen miles from Phoenix, halted for a chunk of ice, to carry to a trail station. Mesa is a Mormon settlement; not entirely, for the numerous clothing stores, whose signs indicate proprietors of Hebraic persuasion, denote the irrepressible advent of other than those of Mormon faith. Inside ten minutes we are beyond the last house and fairly on the desert road, facing Superstition mountains, thirty miles due east. That irregular mass of sandstone, whose serrated cliffs of castellated shape suggest the abode of ancient gods, is said to be rich in precious minerals. Two of our passengers—a miner and his wife with their two babies—leave us at the foot of the mountain; he is in charge of a gold property that is in litigation; the silent hoist and deserted ore dump mutely tell the story. She is a tall, sunburnt, but not unpleasant appearing young woman, cheerfully resigned to her lonely life; a native daughter as he is a native son—the second white baby born in Flagstaff, he tells me.

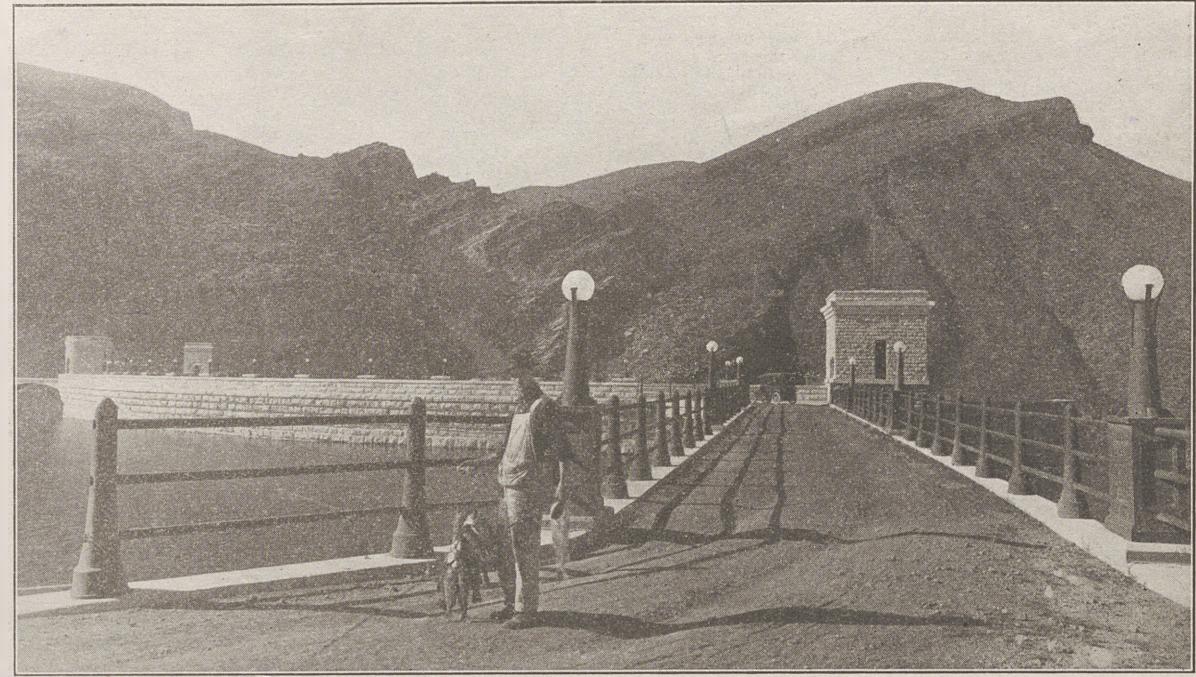
By this time we have left the flat country and are steadily rising as we skirt the western fringe of the Superstition mountains. I ask Wes whence the name? He is always ready to exude information. The Pimas Indians, he avers, of a mild and peaceable nature, once left their village on the Colorado river on a hunting expedition and camped overnight in the mountains. The Apaches, their old enemies, had trailed them and creeping up when they slept, massacred every one. Their bodies were found months later by a few Pimas sent to search for the lost hunters. It was a day of storm and the howling winds struck terror to the hearts of the timid Pimas. The mountain god, angry at the intrusion of the plains Indians had slain their comrades, they reported on arriving home and ever since the Indian name of Superstition mountains has prevailed. The Pimas, asserts Wes, will not go within five miles of the dreaded spot.

True or not, as a tradition it is as good as any other. Meanwhile, we are penetrating the mountains, hemmed in by gigantic rocks or hugging their face a thousand feet above the bed of Boulder creek. We are entering a region of mystery, of wild and rugged scenery, into which territory retreated the untameable Apaches in the early 70's, when hard pressed by Uncle Sam's troopers, following years of murderous activities. The soft, red and gray sandstone and the chalk cliffs have been carved by nature's crafty hand into innumerable odd designs. A kneeling camel is the first of many bits of natural desert sculpture pointed out by Wes. The resemblance is not unlike, especially if one's imagination is in good working order and I enthusiastically acquiesce. A few miles beyond, a sleeping elephant is triumphantly exposed and when I protest that his trunk is missing Wes explains that the Apaches, with their customary ruthlessness, dismembered it. Another bit of inanimate natural history is that of a gigantic Newfoundland dog which lies on a ledge of rock facing the trail. "Guardian of the mountains," comments Wes with a careless wave of his left hand. Just before reaching Canyon Diablo he points out a colossal lizard, in red sandstone, apparently essaying to climb the face of a sheer rock that shoots upward a hundred feet and from which, by a freak of nature, the "lizard" has been cleaved. It is the most artistic piece of carving along the trail.

I have it on excellent authority (Wes Hill) that when

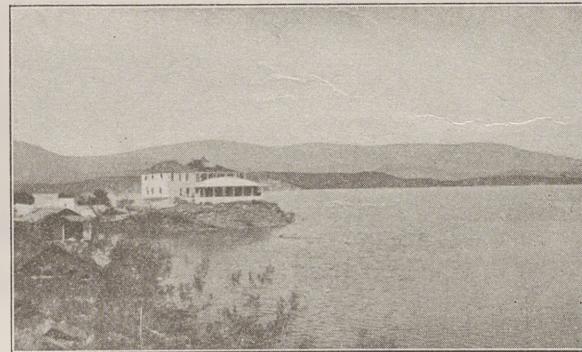
the original ark went to pieces it was in the vicinity of Whirlpool Rock—a spot in Boulder creek canyon that is worn as smooth as a billiard ball. At that time escaped that interesting trio the Gila monster, the chuckwallah and the rattlesnake, so peculiarly indigenous to Arizona. "Just what is a chuckwallah,

faith threatened dire results. Aroused by the spectacle, which a turn in the trail unfolded, they fell upon their knees and renewed their fealty to their commander, inspired by the wonderful revelation. It is a good story and I hope it is true. Certainly, the image is lifelike enough to dissipate the doubts of the most skeptical.



STRING OF BLACK BASS FROM ROOSEVELT LAKE

Wes?" I venture, mildly. "A cross between a Gila monster and a lizard," is the prompt response, whereat I am appeased. Speaking of rattlers, we saw dozens along the trail, a few stark and mangled by the swift

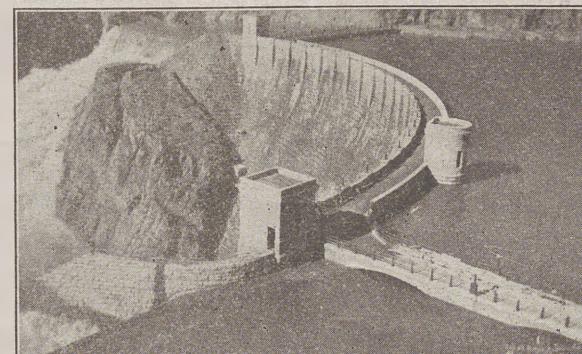


WEBB LODGE AT ROOSEVELT DAM

wheels of the auto stages, others gliding rapidly out of harm's way as we bowl along. "Sad thing happened, yesterday," observes Wes. "Coming in from Globe to Roosevelt we ran into a drove of rattlers, every one dead!" "Wheels?" I bit. "Nope! Broke their backs wriggling over the uneven ground!"

Crossing Mormon Flat recalls the scene of a terrible massacre in the early 60's when the Apaches, under Cochise, surrounded a camp of Mormon emigrants and at gray dawn killed the watchers and shot down the men as they rallied to the defense of their families. The poor women! It is one of the most tragic events connected with this historic trail. The insolent auto is now nonchalantly traversing the ground whereon those devoted pioneers gave up their lives sixty-odd years ago!

I wonder if "Bill" Taft knows that within a few miles of Tortilla Flat his bust surmounts a gigantic pedestal of gray sandstone. There it is, the broad forehead, ample jaws, dimpled chin, and Cupid-like cheeks! Just far enough away from Roosevelt Dam to avoid unpleasant friction. Next curiosity brought to my attention by Wes is a really striking carving of the Virgin Mary which is high up on the smooth surface of the rock, five hundred feet above the trail. According to my indefatigable informant, long before the Apaches became a terror to the white settlers the Spanish priests, accompanying Francisci Vasquez de Coronado



ROOSEVELT DAM AT HIGH WATER

in his search for the "seven cities" of Cibola, surreptitiously carved this image to stimulate the religious zeal of the soldiers of the expedition, whose drooping

Dropping down by Hell's canyon, we wind around the hills and valleys until we emerge upon a bit of clearing known as Tortilla Flat, an oasis in the desert maintained by Dominguez Berdugo. That is, the old man is the putative keeper but his two attractive daughters, Maria and Concepcion, are the real loadstones. Concepcion is the younger of the two, a red-cheeked, black-haired, black-eyed, dimpled beauty who tiptoes her way to the stage followed by the admiring gaze of half a dozen picturesquely attired range-riders, who are lined up on the front porch. I steal one glance at Concepcion and then speculate which of the half dozen she favors. But when her coquettish eyes are lifted, I know that she plays all six indiscriminately. Her elder sister, a trifle overplump to please my finicky notions, is half concealed behind a gauzy curtain that shades the window, but her black eyes know no blenders and they are darting vivid glances across space, particularly directed toward the goodlooking young commercial traveler who is bound for Globe. Wes rallies him on his conquest and Concepcion laughs merrily as, after delivering the letters, she trots back to retail the gossip. Perhaps, Wes is drawing a herring across his own trail; he's a sad dog I fancy.

Winding out of Tortilla Flat we again head skyward and presently a prodigious toad in solid rock is seen in the act of emitting a tremendous croak from his perch alongside the trail. "Some frog, that," observes Wes, tersely, enjoying my admiring glance. He is silent for five minutes and then shows me the head of



INDIAN TEPEE, APACHE TRAIL

what appears to be a massive ape or Nubian staring eastward from the rock to which it is affixed. "The Cyclops of the Apache Trail" he remarks grandly. "Note the one eye in the center of the forehead, the full lips and the cruel smile." Of course, I do. My prompt appreciation of Arizona's natural sculpture is only paralleled by the zeal of my guide in uncovering it.

Shortly after noon we are on the summit of the divide whence we drop over into Fish Creek canyon. We are about nine hundred feet above the floor of the valley when we see, a dot in the lower middle distance, a green spot which Wes sententiously describes as "dinner!" The trail to it is cut along the sheer side of the mountain, a magnificent view from which takes in a succession of gorgeous rocks of centuries-old colorings, the like of which is only seen in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The engine is off and the brake jammed hard as we coast down the declivity, the auto performing a rapid parabola at the five hundred-foot level where it shoots around the curve with the grace of a swallow in flight. The solid wall of rock on our right towers up a thousand feet. What pitiful manikins are we at its base! Five minutes later we are rinsing off the outer layer of dust preparatory to breaking a five-hour fast. Fish Creek station came into

# via Roosevelt Dam to Globe - - - By S. T. C.

physical existence soon after Cochise retired from active plunderous pursuits. It is a productive spot. Even the cows give milk in this fruitful region.

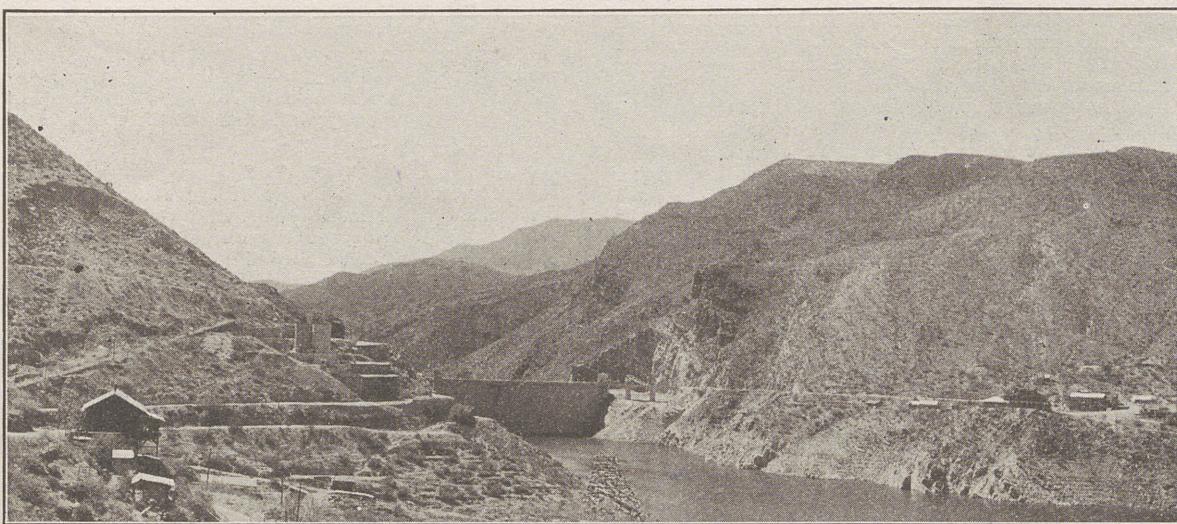
Fronting the station, across a narrow plateau, rises a tremendous body of red sandstone, fairly upspringing from the soil. Fish Creek mountain is the rather

blasted from the face of the cliff for a dozen miles. At the narrowest part, as we round a curve, we come up with a cow, her calf and the head of the family, a white-faced bull, with two black eyes that scowl at us menacingly as we toot for him to scramble down the bank. Not he! He faces about and lowers his head

to Phoenix, upward of eleven million dollars are represented in this important undertaking that has meant so much to the ranchers of the Salt River valley.

I strongly advise those who can afford the time to break the journey by a stay of at least twenty-four hours at Webb Lodge, a bungalow hotel on a point of land nosing into the water, where the cool breezes woo to delicious sleep. For the fisherman there is the well-stocked lake, with black bass, perch and salmon trout for sport. The bass are from one to seven feet in length; the gamiest are of about two feet. The large ones are lazy and show little or no fight. But the smaller fish give good resistance. Rowboats and motor boats may be hired at reasonable rates. After a refreshing swim, I charter a machine for a drive out to the ancient ruins of the cliff dwellers, five miles by road from Webb Lodge, and another mile up a narrow trail, afoot, to the eyrie retreat of the timid little peoples that were wont to occupy this eagle's nest. The courageous Lady from Milwaukee is avid for the trip and with her alpenstock in hand bravely sets out when the auto comes to a forced halt. Our objective can be seen almost on the summit of the rock, a thousand feet above. The accompanying picture gives an excellent idea of its impregnable position. Behind and above it, solid rock. In front, a precipitous trail of which the last hundred feet is almost perpendicular. The little folk, driven from the valleys by the Apaches and other belligerent Indians, had resort to the highest acclivities to escape annihilation and in these dizzy altitudes reared their broods and eked out an existence. Water they had to carry from the river a mile away.

Into the face of the rock, not more than fifty feet from the summit, these ancient cliff-dwellers had burrowed. I count eighteen rooms in the two-storied eyrie. They average ten feet in length by about nine feet wide and four feet in height. Such tiny people! The upper story is (or was) reached by primitive ladders, as at Oraibi and Walpi in northern Arizona, but there is no trace of the connecting links. That the vanished occupants were of the Hopi race is not likely; the latter are much too large, physically, to have lived in such compressed quarters. Toltec, perhaps, or Aztec. Quien sabe? That they were experts in pot-



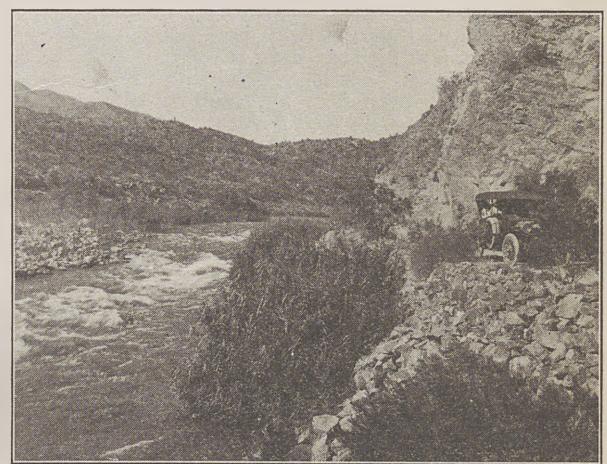
ROOSEVELT DAM FROM UP STREAM, SHORTLY AFTER CONSTRUCTION

tame title bestowed upon this massive monarch of the canyon from whose turreted heights one might easily command the trail in either direction from Phoenix to Globe. Its seamed face, like those of all its fellows hereabouts, is carved and wrinkled into thousands of bizarre shapes which even the indefatigable Wes makes no attempt to interpret. Through the canyon we speed refreshed by the dinner halt, when, for the third time

preparatory to charging the rash invader. Wes, our "two-gun" driver, coughs nervously and begins to back the machine. I mentally hope the bull will plunge forward, but he raises his horns as we recede and leisurely follows the cow and calf who have dropped behind. A two-foot expansion of the trail gives his bullship room to halt without lowering his dignity and we forge by to the evident relief of the Lady from Milwaukee. I rally Wes on his presence of mind; he accepts my felicitations meekly enough. For once he has been fairly bluffed.

Salt River is a vivid green at this point and full of cross currents and ugly whirlpools. A mile above, a young woman who had attempted to bathe in the treacherous stream the previous season lost her life. She was a bride of a few months. Her body was not recovered for forty-eight hours and then it was several miles from the spot where she went under. A cowboy met a similar fate this spring not far distant. Yet the water looks inviting enough. However, I can wait until we get to Roosevelt Lake.

Whirling past a colossal shoe in gray sandstone, of the Dutch wooden variety, we begin to incline upward and in fifteen minutes are several hundred feet above the bed of the river. Then we take half a dozen curves, always clinging to the face of the cliff on our right, and with the last inshoot uncover to view that engineering masterpiece, the mighty Roosevelt dam! A series of admiring exclamations emits from the tonneau as the two artificial Niagaras—the dual spillways meet the eyes. The lake is almost at record height and a tremendous volume of waste water is pouring over the dam into the river a hundred feet below. A nobler sight amid such surroundings it were hard to imagine. The union of man's highest inventive skill with the primitive savagery of the site strikes one as so incongruous that for a few minutes it is difficult to accept. That solid wall of masonry, the graceful arches above the spillways, the concrete driveway across, with its iron standards holding the electric globes, might adorn the center of civilization instead of being in the heart of the Arizona desert, the former haunt of Cochise, of Victoria and Geronimo. At night, from the wide porches of Webb Lodge, two hundred feet distant, the electric lights rimming the bridge make the scene appear still more unreal, still



VIEW IN FISH CREEK CANYON

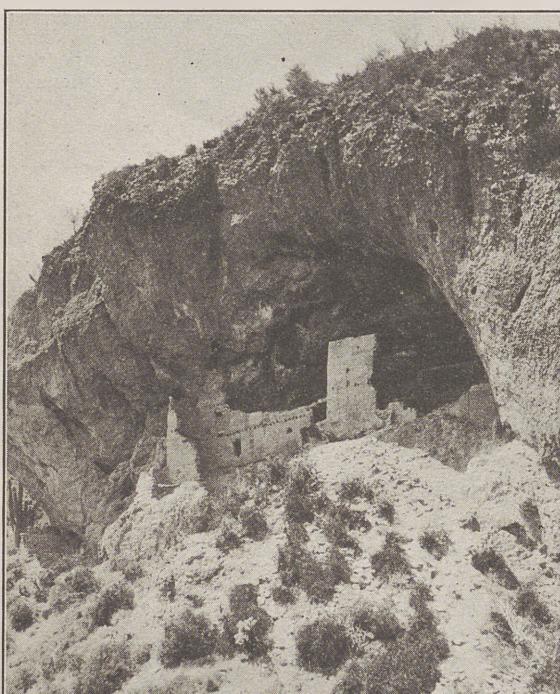
terry is shown by the broken bits still to be uncovered if one searches diligently. My fragment is glazed and the design, in black paint, is easily traceable after hundreds of years.

From the entrance a magnificent view of the valley is commanded and no enemy could possibly surprise the inmates. The outer wall, still standing, is pierced by numerous holes, evidently for defense as well as light. From the watchtower on the left constant surveillance of the country could be had. I look in vain for Indian tracings on the rocky walls. The soot from countless fires has spread an impenetrable pall over all. Poor little chaps! Theirs must have been a hard fight for survival. How long they lasted, who knows? Perhaps, the Apaches wiped them out after all.

If the nights are glorious in this star-studded country, the mornings are still more delightful. From my window overlooking the lake, I can see the fish leap above the surface and splash back in joyful abandon, lured by the rising sun. Across the lake to the north is the stately Sierra Ancha range and along toward noon the colorings flash back a picture that would delight the heart of a painter. A few fleecy clouds hang low, throwing one peak into a purple shadow of the deepest intensity. Reds, greens, yellows and grays flank it, the whole forming a panoramic view seldom excelled. I sit for an hour drinking in the entrancing spectacle!

Roosevelt dam lies in the heart of the Tonto Reserve and all its rock for the masonry was furnished on the spot. The country is rich in mineral. Several outposts are boring for oil and gold prospectors have numerous claims well developed. A rich find of Tungsten ore is reported twenty miles away and miners are flocking in to try their luck. The country is hardly scratched. It is the dream of Director Goddard of the reclamation service at Roosevelt to connect the Tonto Reserve with that of the Grand Canyon. Only about fifteen miles of roadway are needed to unite the two reserves and I hope that the department at Washington will approve the plan and attend to its financing.

It is hard to leave so entrancing a spot. No wonder the Apaches love to camp hereabouts! On the east slope of the mountain overlooking the lake, immediately above the dam, are scattered, in picturesquely unevenness, perhaps, twenty families from San Carlos agency, the bucks finding work at intervals on the government property. With my binoculars I can pick out the inmates of the tepees; the bright dresses of the



ANCIENT RETREAT OF CLIFF-DWELLERS

since starting, we hear that sinister, hissing sound which is the inevitable precursor of tire trouble. "Who's the Jonah?" mutters Wes, as he applies the brake and reaches for the tools. Then he grins, reminiscently. "When I carried General Otis up five years ago," he chuckles, "we had seventeen blowouts." I forbear remarks.

While he changes tires, in company with the aesthetic Lady from Milwaukee, I explore the flora. Starry-eyed asters grow in profusion and the borders of the trail are flecked with yellow broom. Yucca trees are abundant as also are the prickly pear cactus, the Spanish bayonet and that rare and curious product of the desert, the saguaro or giant cactus, with its large, round fluted column rising to a height of thirty or forty feet. It is of an even thickness, from one to two feet, and usually stands alone, although we pass them in groups of three or four at intervals. The saguaro, with its odd, rectangular branches, is strikingly reminiscent of a gigantic candelabrum. Another fantastic member of the cacti family is the ocotillo, which spreads out, fanlike, from the rocky soil in the higher altitudes and strongly resembles a tree of coral of West Indian undersea growth. The long, slim, straight branches shoot out in clusters and are bare, save for a tiny prickly growth, but each pole is tipped with bright crimson blossoms that might almost be bits of coral.

Our explorations are finished just as Wes calls "all aboard." We climb to our seats and cheer up our driver's spirits by assuring him the "Jonah" is off. Our next landscape treat is a view of an immense cougar which Wes announces is of the "Sahary" breed. It crouches on a limestone rock two hundred feet north of the trail and is the most natural habitant of the entire Sahuara desert. It is after viewing this harmless limestone specimen that we have our one bit of adventure. We have lost sight of the mighty Four Peaks and the trail has narrowed until it is a splint of rock



DESCENDING APACHE TRAIL

harder to grasp. Truly, it is a great piece of reclamation work, even if costly. Altogether, I understand, and including the hydro-electric plant and the roadway

squaws and snaky black hair of the children are readily discernible. Two young squaws are descending the trail leading to the water. On their backs are slung earthen jars which presently they fill at the store faucet and trudge off again at a steady gait, never stopping until they set them down two hundred feet up the mountain side. Arthur Torrey of the Lodge, who has taken numerous kodak pictures, tells me that occasionally the Apaches go on a "bender" and puncture the atmosphere with their carousals. They distil a liquor from the maguey or firery mescal plant and under its influence the bucks are difficult to handle. After one of these mescal bouts a squaw came tottering down the mountain with a terrific gash over her right eye from a blow dealt by her drunken spouse.

About the last word Wes gave me as he drove off to Globe was to look out for the big ditch he and the Indians had dug and the hill where they piled up the dirt. If I doubted him I was to ask "Nick," his driver, who was to pick me up next day. Sure enough "Nick" corroborated the statement without blinking an eyelash. The pile of "dirt" was the Sierra Anchas. Yet the Apaches would not relish being known as "Digger" Indians, I imagine.

It is another "turquoise blue" day. The air is like champagne and the ride to Globe a succession of bubbling sips. We are in Gila county and the hard dirt roads are kept in excellent condition by the board of supervisors. There is magic everywhere! Look at that castle on the extreme right, the eastern rim of the Superstition mountains! I swear it is Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, and its turrets are alive with men armed with crossbows ready to repel the Franks! See the young quail! They are thicker than the fabled leaves of Vallombrosa! A fox flies up the ravine to the left and tiny cottontails are bounding beneath the grease-wood. Here we go piling up seven-mile hill! It bisects a scene of idyllic beauty. From the summit one looks off at the Apache mountains, region of the Apache Kid's most murderous exploits. It is serenity itself hereabouts. The mesa is dotted with cattle all looking sleek and contented.

Down we go now, in a whirl of dizzy curves, but with the trail wide and smooth. Pinal creek is crossed and presently we come to Cemetery Hill where lie not a few bodies that met death at the hands of the Apaches in early days. Now we are touching the northern fringe of the famous Gila valley, one of Arizona's gaudy spots, whose fructuosity has brought prosperity to the ranchers its entire length. In a few minutes we see the smoke rising above the tallest foothills and "Nick" ejaculates "Miami!" The camp is enjoying great prosperity. We pass within plain view of the great International smelter, completed just a year ago, whose construction insured the saving of \$4.00 a ton in transportation charges to the Miami Copper Company for the smelting of its concentrates, which was formerly done at Cananea, Mexico. Now we are on the last lap of the 120-mile drive from Phoenix with the big smelter and concentrator of the Old Dominion Mining Company on our left and the main street of Globe lying right ahead. We have reached the end of the famous Apache trail.

#### CONQUEST OF NATURE FALLACY

By LeRoy Armstrong

**I**N the first place, there is no such thing.

Men occasionally learn a little of the laws of nature, take advantage of the situation by obeying those laws, and produce results desired. But they do not conquer nature, and are not likely to.

I know a man who went into the desert where the average precipitation for the last twenty years has been less than fifteen inches annually. He bought a section of land, which the little boy in the sixth grade will tell you is six hundred and forty acres. There was nothing but sagebrush, cactus, and a little bunch grass on the land, and there never had been anything more. This man had inherited a pair of weak lungs, and his close devotion to office work through two decades had brought him near to helplessness. Fortunately, he had money enough to make experiments in farming while he slept out doors, with a cedar tree on one side of his bunk and a measureless vista of sage on the other. He bought machinery and began breaking the land because he wanted to be interested and occupied. He prepared the soil carefully and thoroughly, and then he sowed wheat. It came up, it grew through the winter, it grew more in the early months of the next year, and in July he harvested about fifteen bushels to the acre.

Where sage and cedar had ruled, where there was little rainfall and no fog, where sand and cactus had been hunting ground for coyotes and cinder path for rabbits through thousands of years, he had produced foodstuff. But he had not conquered nature, and he did not claim to have done so. He had just learned a few things about natural laws; some of the secrets which, after all, are entirely open. And instead of conquering nature, he had the constant, dependable, efficient help of that ancient goddess. For she is a most willing handmaid of man.

John Tainter Foote has told about dogs and horses in a current magazine, and recently he made a pacer, in an attempt at autobiography, declare the necessity of a grandam if one wanted to win races—a high-class, strong-souled grandam. But none of these owners and breeders, even to the third and fourth equine generation, ever conquered nature. They simply had learned some of her laws, and applied them in the mating, the development and the training of colts—and reaped their harvest on Derby day.

I do not suppose Luther Burbank would think of claiming that he had conquered any portion of the domain of nature; and yet he has evolved wonderful flowers that never had been produced before—but might have been if earlier gardeners had known as much and worked as hard as he has done.

My friend, John Dryden, of the poultry department of the Oregon Agricultural college, has developed hens that lay three hundred eggs a year, while the ordinary barnyard variety produces from fifty to a hundred.

Well, if "birds and bees and ants be wise," and if the

ever-lasting desert is willing to yield gracefully and profitably to treatment, why not apply the same rules in our management of men? True, James Anthony Froude has told us there is no such thing as a science of history because one never can tell what numbers of men will do under given conditions. We can not know, as definitely as we can be assured that if we plant figs we will get figs, and if we plant thistles we will raise thistles—to our painful stinging, maybe. And yet we can foretell within appreciable limits what the mass of a community will do.

For one thing, they are likely to do what they want to do, though it may be unwise for them. They are a good deal like the flood waters that come down the otherwise dry arroyas in the rainy season. We cannot stop them. We can not confine them. But we may, within reason, direct, divert, and so, after all, control. Human beings are only a little more difficult than are members of the brute creation, and of the animal kingdom. If one cannot make them do what is best for them one can make them avoid what is the worst. If one cannot do all that should be done for the public—the public itself not permitting complete beneficial service—one may bestow a partial blessing.

The man who stands in the course of a river rushing down the hills is going to be overwhelmed. The flood may be bad for people and land and everything else below. The man setting up the standard of "Thou shalt not" may be everlasting right. But that will not save him from being thrown down and covered up. He may be ever so right, but he will simply sacrifice himself without benefiting his cause, or giving much of value in protection to the interests dear to him farther down the slope.

He might better let part of the water take its own course and devote himself to getting a portion of it to go where it will do the least harm. Next year he may be able to turn an even larger portion of the flood into straight and narrow paths. And the year following he may be able to make yet a greater impression on the forces of nature.

But if he gets it into what he calls his mind that he is going to conquer nature, he is doomed to a crushing defeat. He will be right, of course. One can prove it on all the paper that ever came from the mill. But he will not have done any good. He will be right, but he will fail. He will be right, but he will do more harm than good, dealing with human nature, because mankind comes to resent the intrusion of the creature that tries to conquer nature, particularly human nature.

Cowboys know that; and when the beasts begin milling, no lad who knows his business will try for a minute to stop them. He will, however, take advantage of the laws of nature that he has learned, and divert and direct them until finally he has them under control.

If you cannot make people do as they should do, make them leave undone a few of the things they should not do—not all of them, but some of them. And take the crust of the bread if you cannot get the whole loaf. Next year, perhaps, you can get half a loaf. For neither the river nor the human race cares anything for the man that stood in its course and tried to make it do what it was averse from doing.

#### The Skylark

High o'er the trenches, singing,  
A skylark once we heard;  
It seemed a voice from heaven—  
An angel, not a bird.

We saw the lanes of England  
With blossoms white as snow;  
We saw the meads of England  
All wet with dew below.

We seemed to scent the fragrance,  
Yet not a soldier spoke;  
We listened long in silence—  
Until the cannon woke.

Through hours of hell that followed,  
We heard (except the dead),  
Or thought we heard, the skylark  
Still singing overhead.

We felt the soul of England  
Was hovering in the air;  
We felt the hearts of England  
Beat round us everywhere.

And those who lived, the respite  
With quip and laughter sped.  
"I wonder where's the skylark,"  
A wounded Tommy said.

"I thought I heard him singing;  
Is morning come so soon?"  
'Twas only Tommy dying,  
Beneath the rising moon.

—CHARLES G. BLANDEN

#### "Danse Nigre"

Come my dusky belle!  
Put your hand on my arm,  
Don't you hear the banjo call?  
Don't you hear the light feet fall?  
In a circle, 'neath the trees,  
We'll fling away the day,  
And dance, dance,  
To the beat of our hearts  
In the wild moon's witching ray.  
Like hibiscus in the gloom  
Are your lips!  
Falling stars in the dark,  
Are your eyes!  
Come my dusky belle, faster, faster let us go!  
Don't you hear the banjo call?  
Don't you hear the light feet fall?

—MADGE CLOVER

#### GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

**I**F the present skating vogue endures, every well equipped cafe will find it necessary to install a rink. Food of course is only a minor consideration in the down-to-date restaurant. Your cafe habitue is far more concerned in the attractions of the cabaret and the charms of the "entertainers." The manager who has to expend several hundred dollars a week on providing this sort of amusement for his patrons and remain on the right side of the ledger must economize somewhere. The excellence of the menu has ceased to be a magnet; the smoothness of the floor and the allurements of the music have been far more essential. But now the dancers want to skate. The resourceful restaurateur is praying that the public will soon tire of its costly new toy.

\* \* \*

In the meanwhile the first of the skating establishments was opened last week with great eclat, Mayor Ralph Leland lending dignity to the occasion with a speech. And the rink has been crowded ever since, except when the professionals are on exhibition. The skating space is a compromise between an arena for the stars and a rink for the public, too big for the former and not large enough for the crowd. However at least a thousand San Franciscans are putting on skates every day for the first time and learning a new poetry of motion.

\* \* \*

Otis Skinner, who today vies with E. H. Sothern for the distinction of America's leading actor, was the guest of honor at the last meeting of the Commonwealth Club. His presence at the club's weekly lunch attracted the largest attendance in the organization's history. The actor had arrived here to find this former stronghold of the drama almost monopolized by moving pictures, and he improved the occasion by some impassioned remarks without, however, depreciating the movie field, in which he himself is soon to make his debut. "I urge upon you," he said, "that San Francisco revive her appreciation of the drama which was the city's characteristic before the fire of 1906. I call up the memories of the theatrical history of San Francisco when the city was young. I beseech a renewal of the traditions, I ask a rebirth of dramatic art, I beg for a perpetuation of California's romantic name and history in the annals of the world's oldest diversion. California and San Francisco have always been dramatic. The history of the state and this city is a drama. The germ of art that lived in the hearts of the city's pioneers should descend on us of today. The artistic spirit of the city has enveloped its people—even its tourists. Do not let mere prosperity blind you to other things. I am confident that there will be a revival of San Francisco's love for the theater. San Francisco is different from the remainder of the world." Possibly these extracts fail to do justice to the fervor of Mr. Skinner's appeal, but he certainly succeeded in raising his audience to a rare pitch of enthusiasm.

\* \* \*

Definite announcement of Willis Booth's candidacy for the United States senatorship has caused much interest here, and his arrival this week to establish headquarters here means the inception of an active campaign. Senator Works' desire to succeed himself, if this is really his intention, is not regarded seriously. There is no doubt, however, that Governor Johnson's ultimate ambition—if he cannot fly higher—is a seat in the senate. The governor, doubtless, would prefer a man of the caliber of Works to remain at Washington to a Booth being established there permanently. But last week's election demonstrated with fair conclusiveness that Mr. Johnson no longer has the state in his pocket. The governor's ardent recommendations for the representation of the party with which he no longer affiliates himself were signally ignored by a large majority of Republicans. Willis Booth has only to make his strong personality better known in this part of the state to insure him enthusiastic support.

\* \* \*

Our old friend, Peter Clarke MacFarlane, reappeared in the pulpit last Sunday and made evident that his years of literary labor have not impaired his exhortatory talent. He held the interest of a crowded congregation at the Central Methodist Church, having chosen for the subject of his discourse, "Would Jesus Fight?" MacFarlane urged that the United States could uplift humanity and preach the doctrine of peace as Christ taught it by clearing up the situation in Mexico. But the preacher-novelist did not prescribe any definite alternative for General Perishing's expedition.

\* \* \*

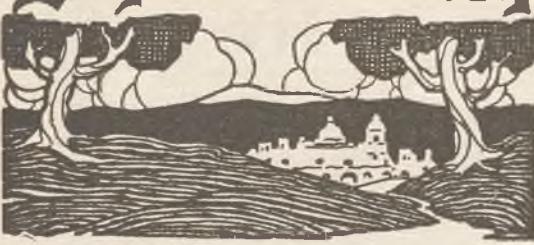
Last week the Stanford student body by a close vote declared in favor of sticking to Rugby football. The adherents to the American game had made such an ominous demonstration the night before the balloting that their victory was predicted. The influence of the faculty was almost entirely in favor of Rugby. President Willard, who has been an ardent advocate of the English game since its adoption by Stanford eleven years ago, regards the decision as final, but there are still many champions for the American game at Stanford.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, May 10.

How many know that the Los Angeles playground camp in the San Bernardino mountains is more than self-sustaining? The charge of \$7.50 for a two-weeks stay and the railroad and auto fares more than covers all expenses. Last year it was, to an extent, an experiment, and to be on the safe side the table was without any luxuries, butter, for instance; but the intention is to add what can be safely done this year. A twelve-month ago there were only small cabins, now they are building a large bungalow with assembly room, quarters for caretaker, and on the second floor nine sleeping rooms. The bedding is fumigated frequently; cots, mattresses and blankets, but not sheets are furnished.

# By the Way



## German Food and German Logic

It was a mild and, perhaps, justifiable revenge which Dr. George H. Kress took on his fellow members of the Scribes at the dinner he gave Tuesday evening. As I explained in this column last week the reason for Dr. Kress' dinner was that Verdun is still in the hands of the French. His guests came fortified for a dinner which was German in every course, from the introductory smoked herring to wienerwurst and sauerkraut, with sufficient of the beverage peculiar to, though not exclusive with the Teutonic races, but they were not prepared, also, for the German doctrine which their host dispensed to them through certain of his friends. In addition to practically the entire membership of the Scribes, Dr. Kress had at the affair Max Socha, editor of *Germania*, H. N. Potter, Ph.D., of Hollywood, formerly with the Westinghouse company and for ten years a member of the faculty of the University of Berlin, and Dr. E. Avery Newton, of the medical staff at Bad Nauheim for several years and now a resident of this city. Each of these gentlemen gave his views on Germany and things German. Quite a neat little idea, it seems to me, to supplement an attack on Anglo-Saxon stomachs with what may well be termed an aerial attack on Anglo-Saxon minds.

## Gentler, But Equally Expressive

Speaking of the Scribes reminds me of an incident which happened many years ago to three of its members. George A. Dobinson, of cherished memory, Dick Chapman, who is my sprightly San Francisco correspondent, and Otheman Stevens were all engaged in morning newspaper work here and were accustomed to eat a midnight repast together. On one occasion they entered an all-night restaurant on Spring street. Presumably it was late in the week and far north from the last preceding pay day. Their waiter was a rough appearing individual who might have figured, later, in Tom McCarey's pork-and-bean prize fight brigade. Chapman and Stevens ordered egg sandwiches and coffee, but Dobinson, true to the land of his birth, expressed a desire for a roast beef sandwich. In due time the waiter returned with the orders and Dobinson discovered he had drawn a ham sandwich. He gently chided the serving person and insisted that his original order be filled. This arbitrary stand did not please the waiter, who made the state of his mind known without directly expressing himself. Presently he returned with the beef sandwich and, slamming it down on the table, ejaculated between clenched teeth, "Yer said 'am!" Dobinson rolled his expressive eyes piously toward the ceiling and murmured, "How much better that was than calling me a d—n liar!"

## Jess Dandy at the Play

Randolph Bartlett writes me from New York that Jess Dandy, erstwhile a familiar figure along Spring street, is as large, as dandy, and as prominent wherever he happens to be, as ever. Here is the tale, as Kipling might have said: "I went to see 'The Heart of Wetona' at the Lyceum last night, having been presented with my first pass to a New York theater by Mr. Schulberg, the clever and highly efficient (payment for pass) publicity representative of the Famous Players. I had just settled myself comfortably in my seat when I had to unseat myself to permit the arrival of a rotund person who, after a second glance, I discovered was Jess Dandy. The last time I saw this stout individual was in Levy's, where he was informing all persons present what an eternal and magnificent hatred he entertained for Walter Lawrence, husband of his former co-star, Frances Cameron. Last evening he was more placid. Shortly after the curtain rose upon the drama of the Indian damsels, Jess sneezed twice, wiped his chin, sank back into his seat, and to all appearances sunk into a profound slumber. A few minutes later *basso profundo* snores were heard. Jess was asleep, but the inference was unjust. In a few minutes an attendant assured those in my vicinity (near the rear of the orchestra) that the matron (colored) had fallen asleep in the women's cloak room, and had produced the noise. She did so twice more in the course of the evening, Jess' having, in the course of his long theatrical career, seemingly mastered the science of silent slumber. He did awake, however, in time for the climax at the close of the second act, which alone gives the play excuse for existence and accounts for its popularity. But it would not have been the dear old Spring street Jess had he not made himself conspicuous."

## Gurney Newlin Sets Good Example

I believe that the unexpected enthusiastic response to the call for volunteers for the Monterey citizens' military training camp, has been largely due to the excellent example set by Gurney Newlin and other prominent young men who, like this busy attorney, have not only found time to devote to preliminary organization work but who purpose giving a full month this summer to attendance at the camp. For Gurney, and, doubtless, for many others, taking this military training means a real sacrifice in dollars and cents in the time which must be given up to it. I hear that several men deeply interested in the camp are waiting anxiously to see what Gen. J. Franklin Bell, the United States Army officer who is to be in charge, will say when he reads the letter of F. S. B. Morse of Del

Monte offering the free use of the 16,000 acre tract upon which the encampment is to be held. Morse writes that there will be ample opportunity for swimming, golf, tennis and polo. My own idea and, I presume, that of Gen. Bell, is that the musket is to supplant the golf stick and tennis racket on this particular summer vacation.

## Handsome Ranch Home of the Macombers

Local society folk will be interested to know that the A. Kingsley Macombers have emerged from the semi-retirement which they have maintained since they left Pasadena and Los Angeles to reside on their ranch—near Hollister, I believe it is—and are taking a most active part in the gaities of the Burlingame set up north. I am told that the Macombers have recently had constructed on their ranch a complete eighteen hole golf course and their swimming pool is said to be one of the finest in the state. It is placed in the court of the handsome ranch house, which is built on Spanish lines, around an attractive patio. This patio is covered with glass of soft restful tints, making the plunge extremely picturesque, with palms and potted plants which give the impression of a real forest pool. "Rancho Paicinae" is the name of the popular Macomber menage, the mistress of which is remembered in the south as the charming daughter of the late L. V. Harkness of Pasadena, a retired Standard Oil man who at one time was one of the most extensive property holders on exclusive South Orange Grove avenue.

## Should Recall Old Days

It is time that the old legion of the Los Angeles newspapers held a little get-together meeting. To name just a few of them, as they occur to me and with no consideration as to alphabetical order or past or present greatness—Dr. Harry Brook, Austin Martin, Frank Oakley, Al Searl, Charlie Van Loan, Wilbur Hall, Frank Greaves, Allen Kelly, B. H. Smith (B standing for Bertha), Charlie Barton and probably a dozen others. They all live right here in Los Angeles and vicinity and all once worked on the Los Angeles daily papers but have been—shall I say graduated?—to other fields of human endeavor. Why would it not be a fine idea for all these former newspaper men to meet for a little dinner and an exchange of reminiscences of the old days? I would count it a privilege to be allowed to attend such an affair. To the list I should add Louis Vetter, who looks like a newspaper man anyway, Otheman Stevens, one of the old guard who has followed the shoemaker's adage, and, perhaps, one or two others. It would be a joyous occasion and the reminiscences and stories would be well worth hearing. Why doesn't one of the old boys start something?

## Will Chapin's Busy Day

Any occasion of this kind would be incomplete if former Artist Chapin, once of the Times, were not there to relate how he "licked" one man, saw an editor "machete" another and was himself waylaid by an earnest bulldog, all in one short day. To hear Chapin tell the story is better than to listen to any vaudeville monologue I recall. Chapin is raising chickens—feathered variety—out at Alhambra nowadays and finds life less exciting than in the old days of his newspaper experience.

## College Women's "Creative" Evenings

Young college women of the city, I discovered last Saturday evening at Cumnock Hall, have conceived a wonderfully happy idea for keeping student day memories bright in a club series of what they term "creative" evenings. An original playlet of merry quip and humor, a modernized version of "Charley's Aunt," called "His Sister's Friend," by Sybil Eliza Jones of the University of California, was presented by Misses Elsie Nutting, Carol Somerville Smith, Viola Nichols, Hanna Elise Biegert, Jessie Thacher Robertson, Genevieve Church Smith, Marion Alabaster and Mrs. Isabel Garretson Hart, representing Stanford, the Universities of California, Washington and Wisconsin, with Misses Lena Cooper and Nina Updyke of the Universities of Denver and Minnesota, respectively, as stage director and manager. Two young men, Messrs. Morris Ankrum and Oakley Ashdon, in the only masculine roles of the cast had a decidedly pleasant task, and three songs written by club members, "Summer Has Come Again," by Genevieve Church Smith, "Doan Yu Cry," by Sybil E. Jones, and "Poppy Lullaby," by Agnes E. Peterson, displayed talent along other lines. An afternoon tea and dancing in the evening gave the guests an opportunity to discover the social accomplishments, likewise, of the bevy of pretty hostesses.

## Drama League Supports Power

Always alert to promote what it esteems to be the best interests of the drama in this community, the local branch of the Drama League of America, did not fail to recognize what an influence for good are the performances given by Tyrone Power and his talented associates at the Mason Opera House this week, and sent out letters urging attendance. I heartily agree with the sentiment which the league expresses as follows: "To the extent that we can give publicity to Mr. Power's work on this occasion, just so far can we counteract the influence of the bad things that are produced in our theaters."

## Munificent Gift to County

That was a munificent gift which Allan Hancock, the public-spirited young capitalist, bestowed upon Los Angeles county this week. Intrinsically an estimate of \$100,000 was placed on the thirty-two acres which contain the internationally famous Rancho La Brea fossil pit, but this realty appraised at an approximate \$5,000 an acre, fails to cover the actual value of the generous gift, since the fossils themselves have a scientific worth of millions of dollars. Personally, I recall an earnest effort on the part of Andrew Carnegie and his associates to purchase this land with its world-famous fossil deposits, four or five years ago, when they found my friend Allan obdurate to any monetary offers that would mean the removal of these prehistoric mammals

from Los Angeles. Proffers from practically every famous institute of science in the world have met with similar rejections, although I believe Mr. Hancock arranged with Smithsonian Institute, when in the east recently, to exchange a few of the saber tooth tigers and other fossils of which he has many duplicates, for skeletons of which that institution has more than one. The acreage, I understand, is to be set aside as a park and in courtesy to the generous donor, will be named Hancock Park. In consideration of his gift Mr. Hancock stipulates that a monument setting forth the history of the fossil pit be erected in the park, perpetuating also the family name. The museum to be built for housing the fossils, I am told, will take its rank as the greatest in the country, not in size, perhaps, but in quality of its exhibits. All honor to Allan Hancock, whose civic pride has prompted him to bestow upon his city so invaluable a gift.

## Discovers Talented Actress

My attention has been called by a Chicago friend, Mary Aldis, whose graceful verse readers of *The Graphic* are occasionally permitted to enjoy, to Marjorie Davis, the former shop-girl who is coming to Los Angeles to become an actress and who is to make her Los Angeles debut next week at the Burbank in "Raffles." Mrs. Aldis is credited by the Chicago papers with having discovered the latest Morosco recruit, who really was a shop girl, selling sweaters in the Marshall-Field store and studying dramas, evenings, reading them to herself and acting out the parts that appealed to her, even before she made her first appearance with an amateur dramatic club. Mrs. Aldis writes me, "She has undoubtedly great talent. I saw her first at a woman's club play, where, clad in her brother's clothes, which were much too large for her, and a strange black wig, she played a tragic part and actually 'put it over.'" In behalf of budding genius I bespeak the attention of the Los Angeles theater-going public for Miss Marjorie Davis.

## Greetings From Prime Ministers

Edmund Mitchell tells me that messages of greeting from all parts of the British Empire and from the allied nations will be read at the great British Empire Day celebration to be held in Shrine Auditorium the evening of May 24. For several months Mr. Mitchell has been engaged in a correspondence reaching to every corner of the world and his replies are coming in rapidly. Already greetings have been received by Prime Minister Asquith of Great Britain, Mr. Miouchy-ovitch, prime minister of Montenegro, Prime Minister Borden of Canada, Prime Minister Massey of New Zealand, Mr. Pearce, acting prime minister of Australia and from the governors of Jamaica, Trinidad and other West Indian British possessions. Net proceeds from the celebration are to be devoted to St. Dunstan's Hospital, London, for the soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. It is interesting to note that at the recent Trinity Auditorium concert the sale of tickets brought in a total sum of \$880, and a net profit of \$843 was realized, donations, together with the sale of souvenir programs and flags sufficing to pay for the rent of the hall and the few minor incidental expenses.

## She Had Two Cocktails

Three business women attended the banquet given by the Chamber of Mines at the Jonathan Club Tuesday night, and they were three sensible women determined that their presence should not put a damper on the joyous gathering. If anything, it was the men who were nervous at the undue proportion of their sex present, as developments proved, for when the preliminary cocktails were served, while one of the fair guests was sipping hers, her masculine neighbor contrived to upset the contents of his glass into her lap. His apologies were profuse, so the story reaches me, but his charming companion brushed aside his embarrassment by gaily exclaiming, "Don't worry a bit about it. We'll just say the drinks are on me."

## Pullman Company Remiss

Billy Saunders is home and he brought with him more than good cheer of coming prosperity, for he returns the bearer of what seems to be an entirely new yarn at the expense of our ever welcome, if often unconsciously humorous, friend, the tourist. "I was performing my morning's ablutions," said Billy, "in the little coop of a washroom of the sleeping car the other morning. I was really happy to be so near good old Los Angeles again. I had just opened up my dandy little traveling toilet case which my best girl gave me for Christmas. All of a sudden, in rushed a tourist friend who had talked an arm off me the night before. The fellow made me nervous—he seemed to do everything that I did. After he had brushed his lilacs with the hair brush at hand, he grabbed my tooth brush, which I had just laid down to dry. 'Here, that's my tooth brush, fellow,' I yelled, and he came back with, 'Oh, is it? Well, whar's the one that b'longs to the car?'"

## Not Without Fame

There are many persons in Los Angeles, as well as in San Francisco, not inclined to take seriously anything Eugene E. Schmidt may say, but the other day I found a story in the *Observer*, the little paper published by the former northern mayor, that is so good I choose to accept it as genuine enough to quote in *The Graphic*, particularly as it concerns Los Angeles and the Alexandria. According to Schmidt's sheet, George Sterling, probably the best known of all California's poets, was recently a guest at the local hospitality. As most of my readers know the Alexandria maintains in its ladies' parlor a bevy of fair maidens. George, his friends concede, is "rather good looking" and when he entered the parlor he created something of a sensation among these impressionable beauties. "Who's that swell lookin' fellow, Mabel?" queried one of another. "Why, don't you know him? That's George Sterling," responded Mabel. Her friend took another soulful look and remarked, "Oh, the chewing gum man! How sweet he looks!"

# Music



ENDING the present symphony concert season were the programs given Friday and Saturday of last week at Trinity auditorium. These were entirely orchestral, and included Brahms "Tragic" overture, Sibelius' first symphony, Tandler's new "California Sketches" and Weber's "Jubilee" overture. The performance of the Sibelius symphony was a repetition of that given earlier in the season. It is quite unusual to give the same symphony twice in a given season and to do so argues either a paucity of music in the orchestra library or lack of rehearsals in which to bring out another work. The cause for either of these conditions would be found in lack of money in the orchestra treasury, a condition that might easily be remedied in Los Angeles—with its eighty-one million dollars in the banks—if more of the owners of the millions were to realize the responsibility that wealth owes to art. Unfortunately, the best of music is an expensive item of purchase. While the crowded galleries at the symphony concerts, as compared with the vacant first floor seats, attest the greater love of the smaller pocket book owners for symphonic music, it requires more than a small pocket book to keep up a symphony orchestra. Opera and orchestra depend on wealth or state for existence. In America, as the state will not give support to these, they must needs depend on wealth. In New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, wealth has come to the rescue of the symphony orchestras. In Los Angeles a few are keeping art alive, waiting for the man to arrive who will endow the orchestra with sufficient money to produce the right results by adequate practice and to present a wide repertoire because of an exhaustive library.

But repetition of a work like the Sibelius symphony has its enjoyable side. Coming out of Helsingfors, this symphony embodies Italy, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Moskow, St. Petersburg. This Finn has grasped the musical scholarship, the brilliant colorings, the wealth of ideas of those other cities and is making of Helsingfors a musical capital. Based on the solidity of a German training, he has gone beyond Tschaikowsky in wealth of idea and in strength and delicacy of treatment. But one can not enjoy Sibelius at the first hearing—unless one already has heard much. Coming to him after Beethoven, Berlioz, Brahms, and possibly a few other "B's," one sees the sources on which his music is founded. And through it shines and glitters the Cossack, the Oriental spirit which made the music of Glinka, Korsakoff, Ipanoff and Borodin a feast of beauty, highly colored it may be, but full of richness.

One other feature of this concert is to be mentioned: the performance of a suite by Conductor Adolf Tandler, four "California Sketches"—Mountains, Ocean, Moonlight and Mission. This is distinctly program music. The Ocean movement has a theatric addition in the swish of the waves on the sand, imitated behind the scenes. The best portion, from the viewpoint of real musical interest, is the "Mission" scene in which the organ is appropriately introduced—on this occasion, played by W. E. Strobridge. This latter movement could be elaborated into a full number and made of sufficient dignity for a symphony program—which the Ocean and Moonlight movements hardly reach. I understand this Mission number is to be presented at Temple auditorium tomorrow afternoon at the Oratorio society concert, and it is well worth hearing a second time. Possibly, when Mr. Tandler hies himself to the fastnesses of his Sierra Madre estate this summer the mountains may inspire him to something heavier and more thoroughly-composed than these incidental sketches. He has it in him, if he will take sufficient time for serious work.

Those symphony concerts were not lacking for notables in the audiences last week. Alfred Hertz and wife, he being the conductor of the San Francisco symphony orchestra. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the composer, who again has been drawn to California for a summer, and William

Shakespeare, the London singing master, heard the program. Mr. Shakespeare, especially, commented on the progress the orchestra has made and the poetry of the interpretations given the music by its conductor.

Symphony Conductor Tandler proudly announced, recently, that he was no longer a "Herr," having received his naturalization papers as an American citizen. But can it be that American Citizen Dupuy, born in France, has forsaken both countries and become an Italian? I note that the "Times" of last Sunday calls him "Maestro" Dupuy. Keep it up. Hurrah for the Herrs, Signors, Senors, Maestros, Gospodins. We're neutral!

Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus closed her series of song programs this week, at the Little Theater Tuesday night, with groupings of operatic numbers. Even the vioncello solos, given by Axel Simonsen in program relief, were arias from operas and played with all Mr. Simonsen's usual fervor of style. Mrs. Dreyfus classified her program groups under Legendary, Historic and Romantic headings, instead of following a chronological arrangement. This classification of atmosphere gave added interest to the arrangement. Though a contralto has at best a harder row to hoe than a soprano, as the songs given the contralto voice are less brilliant and much less florid, the singer again gave a convincing account of her natural vocal talent and intellectual grasp in the selections presented. The delightfully rich quality of her tone production combined with—and partly caused by—her sympathetic disposition, immediately touched a responsive chord in her auditors and was a strong asset in her singing.

Seldom is it that a man of eighty-seven years can so thrill an audience in an impromptu speech as to bring his hearers to their feet with cheers. Yet that is what the Belgian author, Dr. van der Nailen did at the May dinner of the Gamut club, at the club house, last week. Coming in the middle of the program, and introduced by Carl Bronson, this aged savant presented so beautiful and inspiring an address that the club paid him an unusual compliment. The programs at these enjoyable club dinners are always impromptu, as a whole. Which, possibly, is one of the elements of their enjoyment. Opening the evening were songs by the Orpheum quartet and the first guest called upon was William Shakespeare, who gave reminiscences of prominent composers, notably Brahms. Katharine O'Brennon, recently from Dublin, Ireland, told of the Bohemian life of that city and referred to its products, citing Bernard Shaw. Howard Edie, also from the Emerald Isle, proved a wide traveler and brilliant of speech. Seward A. Simons followed Dr. van der Nailen with an entirely impromptu gem of an address along the same lines as those taken by the Belgian author. Julia Bracken Wendt, one of the most prominent of American artists in sculpture and Cordelia Lee, violinist, were introduced to the club. The musical part of the program was furnished by Mabel Channell, pianist, Mrs. Marie Tiffany, soprano, in songs by Ronald and Nevin, H. D. Mustard and Mr. de la Plate, baritones, with Blanche Ebert and F. H. Colby at the piano. The Gamut club is looking forward to an affair of one kind or another every Wednesday night of this month. The program as announced for Wednesday of this week was under the direction of Carl Bronson. Later chorus programs will be given under the direction of J. D. Beall, J. P. Dupuy, J. B. Poulin and possibly others.

Recitals by three talented Cherniavsky brothers, who are to appear at Trinity Auditorium, May 30, are unique in many ways. Their style is said to be so unconventional and their breadth of artistic temperament so intense that an impression is, perhaps, conveyed that they strive too much for effect, an impression that is soon dispelled by the compelling force of their art. Their individual efforts have peculiar characteristics but when they are playing together their

## Statement of Condition of the First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

at the Close of Business May 1, 1916

### RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$18,424,842.69
Bonds, Securities, etc.	1,772,861.25
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,250,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	None
Furniture and Fixtures	175,000.00
Real Estate Owned	29,940.29
Other Assets	953.16
Cash and Sight Exchange	7,657,946.38

**TOTAL** \$29,311,543.77

### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,539,112.31
Circulation	887,897.50
Reserved for Taxes, etc.	38,464.34
Other Liabilities	235.90
Deposits	24,345,833.72

**TOTAL** \$29,311,543.77

### INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED

I, W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. M. Elliott	John S. Cravens	C. W. Gates	John B. Miller
Stoddard Jess	J. C. Drake	H. Jevne	Dan Murphy
E. D. Roberts	Frank P. Flint	J. O. Koepfli	F. Q. Story
John P. Burke	M. H. Flint	E. J. Marshall	DIRECTORS

### Statement of Condition of the

## Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank

at the Close of Business, May 1, 1916

(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Los Angeles)

### RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$15,043,905.60
Bonds, Securities, etc.	4,636,193.85
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1,050,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,847,989.49

**TOTAL** \$26,578,088.94

### LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,500,000.00
Undivided Profits	157,814.20
Reserve for Taxes and Interest and Other Liabilities	116,594.02
Deposits	
Demand	\$ 8,017,845.33
Time	15,285,835.39
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$26,578,088.94</b>

minds are in such perfect accord that the accentuation of certain movements and the subtleties of expression place the Cherniavskys beyond all rivals as a trio.

### To Show Rescued Paintings

Charles Gerard Conn's collection of masterpieces rescued from the Avalon fire is on exhibition at the Alexandria Hotel. In this collection are two marvelous examples of Ferdinand Bol, Rembrandt's favorite pupil, possessing such qualities of form, luminous shadows with rich warm coloring, that until recently one canvas was attributed to Rembrandt and sold as such. Spirited canvases by Sir Thomas Lawrence with his charm of color, Israel's peasant women which he depicts with such pathos, Diaz' scenes luxuriant in color, Dupre's "Gloaming," a marvel of haunting solitude—one or more canvases by these masters are here. A "Portrait of Mrs. Williams" by Francis Coates with his exquisite refinement, a Romney, Gerome, Weisenbruch, Harpingnies, Henner, "Portrait of Mrs. Fuller" by Hoppner, from which Mr. Conn has not yet decided to part, are all fine examples. Here are several canvases by American masters, George Inness, Sr., and Blakelock. The latter are tremulous poems in color and three by the former are unusually fine containing the bright, pure light and softness for which Inness is famed. As a private collection this is one of the finest and should not be dispersed.

Students of the College of Fine Arts of the University of Southern California, of which W. L. Judson is dean, will exhibit their recent work at Steckel's gallery from May 15 to May 27.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., May 9, 1916.

Non-Coal 028745  
Notice is hereby given that William Rogers, whose post-office address is c/o Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles, Calif., did, on the 14th day of April, 1916, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 028745, to purchase the NE  $\frac{1}{4}$  SE  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100, the stone estimated at \$50 and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of July, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,  
Register.

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### NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL.

No. 32237

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of James D. Stanton, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Lewis C. Carlisle for the Probate of Will of James D. Stanton, Deceased, and for the issuance of Letters of administration with the will annexed thereto to Lewis C. Carlisle will be heard at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 16th day of May, 1916, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated April 25, 1916.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.  
By H. H. Doyle, Deputy Clerk.

John Beardsley, Attorney for Petitioner.

### DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,

April 24, 1916.

016745

Notice is hereby given that Chauncey E. Hubbell, of El Venado P. O., via Santa Monica, Calif., who, on October 28, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016745, for N  $\frac{1}{2}$  SW  $\frac{1}{4}$ , SE  $\frac{1}{4}$  SW  $\frac{1}{4}$ , SW  $\frac{1}{4}$  SE  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9 a. m., on the 9th day of June, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Earl Robbins, Carl Ostrom, David B. Parten, J. W. F. Diss, all of El Venado, Calif.

JOHN W. ROCHE, Register.

No withdrawals.

## In the World of Amateur Sports

INTERCLUB tournaments for the present golf season will practically end today, when Orange County Country Club is holding its invitation tournament at Newport bay. Hereafter, interest of the golfers will center on strictly club affairs and the several championship events like the Western, Pacific coast and California competitions, with an eye kept for a time on the standings of clubs in the Southern California team competition. There are still a number of matches to be played in this event, but Altadena appears to be a sure winner in the handicap list, with Midwick, Los Angeles and Annandale all in possible position to capture honors in the scratch list. The matches still to be played, including those of today, are: May 13—Altadena at Los Angeles, San Gabriel at Orange; May 20—Los Angeles at Virginia, Annandale at Orange; May 27—Altadena at Virginia, Annandale at Point Loma; May 28—Annandale at Coronado; June 3—Virginia at Los Angeles, Annandale at Altadena; June 10—Altadena at Annandale. The Orange tournament opened Thursday and will be concluded today, with the schedule calling for eighteen-hole best ball foursome. The tournament has been well attended and many of the contestants have found pleasure in stopping at the beach, either Balboa or East Newport. A special ferry was provided to take them back and forth across the bay to the golf links. The spring handicap of the Los Angeles Country Club seems to be the biggest event in prospect in golf hereabouts, just now. Next Thursday and Friday the San Gabriel Country Club will hold a women's invitation golf tournament.

**Yachting Season Formally Opened**  
Many merry parties enjoyed the formal opening of the 1916 season of the South Coast Yacht Club over the last week-end. The festivities began Saturday evening with a dinner-dance at the clubhouse, on the bluff overlooking San Pedro outer harbor, and concluded with informal cruising Sunday. Former Commodore Albert Soiland was the winner of the first prize for neatness, with his auxiliary yawl Viking III., in which he was one of the first of the club members to put out to the open sea, Sunday. Because of delay in fitting out his racing yacht Vite with her new spars and sails, Commodore Ben Weston was unable to participate in the happy go lucky cruise, when nearly all the club boats put out beyond the breakwater to feel again the slap of the ocean swell. Many boats of the Los Angeles Yacht Club and the Motor Boat Club joined the other pleasure craft which dotted the waters about the harbor. Tomorrow the first race of the South Coast club's season will be held, for the commodore's cup, all classes to compete, with two additional prizes offered.

### Revival of Archery

Revival of the once popular sport of archery may come through the boy scout movement, as the members of these juvenile organizations are taking it up with enthusiasm. However, the diversion among adults is not exactly dead. James Duff, president of the National Archery association, announces that the 1916 tournament will be held in Jersey City August 22, 23, 24 and 25. In addition to the old archery centers of the east, where the sport has always maintained something of a hold, organization of new clubs in Thompson, Conn., Treishlers, Pa., Cheyenne, Wyo., and Nashville, Tenn., is reported by Mr. Duff.

### California Polo Beneficial

Malcolm Stevenson and Thomas Le Boutillier, the New York polo players who participated in most of the California tournaments this winter, astonished their fellow club members in the east, upon the opening of the polo season at Meadowbrook last week, by the fine ponies they took back with them from this state. Another way in which their California experience was made manifest was in that Stevenson and Le Boutillier were the only men of the twelve who turned out for the Meadowbrook opening who were able to play through the entire game, the others alternating for ten minute periods. Harry Payne Whitney, once the best known figure in American polo, may be missing from the field this season. He has found a more

exciting sport. It is reported that Whitney has purchased a powerful hydro-aeroplane and has engaged Frank T. Cofflyn, one of the only two aviators alive today who were among the original pupils of the Wright brothers, to instruct him in its use. He will make his initial appearance as an aviator at the Sheepshead Bay military and naval tournament this month. Whitney has stabled his famous string of polo ponies and will seek all his thrills in the air this summer.

### Feeling the Effect of the Rule

Francis Ouimet is the first famous golfer to feel the effect of the recently enunciated rule of the United States Amateur Golf Association forbidding amateur players to engage in the sporting goods business. Ouimet has been notified by the association that he will be ineligible for amateur competitions this year. He recently opened a sporting goods store in Boston in partnership with another golfer, John H. Sullivan, Jr. The question just now agitating Southern California golfers is how soon the force of this rule will be felt in this vicinity.

### Where to Enjoy Your Vacation

Vacation time is approaching, as F. S. McGinnis, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, intimates in a little folder which that company has just published calling attention to the outdoor joys awaiting Californians. Mention is made of the various resorts of the state which offer anything in the line of diversions from golf and surf bathing to trout fishing and big game hunting. It is a particularly handy little folder which Mr. McGinnis has issued, giving in concise form the different resorts, their attractions and the railroad fares from Los Angeles to the several points.

### Current School Notes

Alumni of Polytechnic Elementary School and members of this year's graduating class will hold their annual dinner at the school June 3, at 7 p. m. The dinner will be served in the beautiful patio and dancing will follow.

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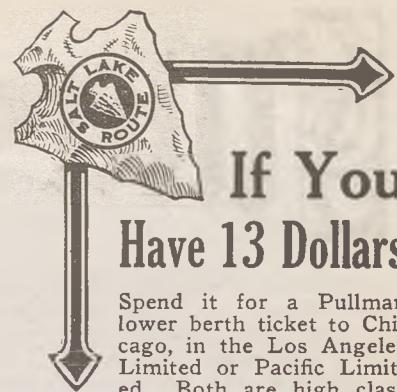
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By Robert O. Foote

THIS week the "return of the drama" is receiving a severely significant slap on the wrist at the Mason Opera House, for "The Passing Show of 1915" is passing this way to show what the general public of Los Angeles really seeks when it attends the theater. For the first time this year, except during the grand opera season, standing room at this theater has been in demand at every performance and the populace has been evincing a little suspected but evidently overpowering hunger for something reminiscent of the light and frothy days—before the movies came—when almost weekly it was afforded a "girl and song show." Not that there is anything in particular to be said against "The Passing Show." It is merely the rash of the prevalent disease of restlessness and discontent with anything suspected of having a purpose to fulfill. A highly colored rash it is, a bizarre series of pictures of the stage and life, not as they are but as they seem to be to persons of acute humor. It is much like its predecessors of past years, a smattering of

gar suggestiveness of his disrobing act in the "Twin Beds" travesty. A much worse voice than that of Helen Eley would be tolerated, just for the pleasure of gazing upon her physical loveliness. Not the least popular star of the production is our own little Daphne Pollard, dainty and magnetic as ever and with all too few opportunities to show her charming personality. In New York Daphne was hailed a great "discovery," the Knickerbocker city not realizing that the west is alive also.

Calve's Voice Still Wonderful

In the Calve who comes to the Orpheum this week to dignify vaudeville with the touch of the truly great artist, the rising generation may not see the Calve whose passionate, abandoned, youthful Carmen its parents pronounced the greatest ever known, but it will hear a voice such as still has few equals in the world, a voice rich in color, of rare sweetness and exquisite shades, one which, lacking though it may a little of its one-time wealth of tone, is handled with a sure feeling of refinement. Never,



EMILY STEVENS, COMING TO MASON IN "UNCHASTENED WOMAN"

clever travesties of recent plays, a series of burlesques that would be much better appreciated by a public more familiar with the originals, a joyous concoction calculated by melody, mirth and motion to cure the most discouraging case of ingrowing disposition. It has the sure foundation of all successful entertainment of its sort. Indeed, "The Passing Show" would be notable, if for nothing else, in that it brings us the first genuinely pretty chorus for many meagre months. Of girls there is a gratifying quantity of high quality—they pass frequently above our heads on the Primrose Path and overflow into the aisles to flash lights into the faces of those lucky masculine persons who occupy outside seats. The burden of the performance is carried by slight Marilynn Miller, of radiant blonde beauty and lithesome gracefulness, by the inimitable humor of Willie Howard, who doubts if proclaiming him a Christian will fool even a lion, and by the droll wit of John T. Murray, who tells us what we escape by attending the movies. These three do much to earn forgiveness for tiresome George Monroe, with his same old "Be-that-as-it-may" chortle and the vul-

perhaps, was great singer placed in more incongruous company—the principal merit of the number which immediately precedes hers consists in having a man splash around in a bucket of paperhanger's paste. But with the magic of Calve's singing the Orpheum became for a time a temple to the most appealing of arts. She may have became portly with the years, the fascinating thrill of the Spanish maid of Bizet's opera may not be as poignant, but when Calve returned, after several preliminary selections, to give us the famous "Habanera" there was still enough of the vivacity of her earlier Carmen to make us all wish it was opera, instead of vaudeville, we were attending, that we might hear more of the golden voice. Calve maintained an air of free and easy patronage toward her announced program, wandering from it at the dictates of temperament, and one of her departures was when she gave us "Comin' Through the Rye," in English—if her bewitching Scotch dialect, with its French twist, may be called English. With her husband, Signor Gasparri, a tenor of ability whose performance here was hampered by a tendency toward huskiness, the

MASON OPERA HOUSE

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diva also gave a duet from Faust. Brahms van den Berg, a local pianist, proved an excellent accompanist. Of the remainder of the Orpheum bill this week there is little to be said. Hildagard Mason, using George Murray as a foil, is the best spot on it. Hilda's dry wit is adroitly handled to obtain laughs which must, afterward, be begrimed. Regan Hughstrom and Fay Wallace have a platitudinous sketch, "Forty Winks." The Two Tom Boys are that and noth-

sings, swinging in her heavenly chariot out over the heads of the audience and pinning roses on certain favored men, and the holdovers are Willard Simms, Pietro, and his accordion, and Benny and Woods.

Burbank's Study in Criminology  
For sociological and psychological characterization "Raffles, the amateur cracksman," is rich in opportunity which members of the re-organized Burbank stock company fully appreciated, this





# Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

**S**CINTILLANT in its splendor and pretentious in every detail will be the big society entertainment given this afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. John Percival Jones on West Adams street. This magnificent carnival planned for the benefit of the little children of France will undoubtedly be one of the most successful events of its kind ever held in Los Angeles. A varied and wondrous program of diversions has been planned both for the afternoon and evening. There will be diversions and amusement features for the children in the afternoon. Charlie Chaplin is to be a special attraction for the kiddies and there will be an aeroplane exhibition by Corporal Smith and Miss Rose Parker. Miss Margaret McKee, famous whistler, will be on the program, too, and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Punch and Judy, Signor Beppo and his dancing bear, the Smashem Crockery Shop and dozens of other pastimes will be enjoyed. Calve will be present also, in the latter part of the afternoon and sing a selection as a feature of a flag-raising event. In the evening society will be represented in its most resplendent phase. In a setting of myriads of lights, Bengal fires and aurora borealis of incandescents Madame Alys Lareyne, the famous prima donna of the Paris Grand Opera Company, will sing an aria from "Mignon" as one of the principal features of the evening program. She will be assisted by Mr. William Strobridge and Mr. G. Allan Hancock. Miss Charlotte Buisseret, violin virtuoso, will play; a company of D. W. Griffith players will enact a movie scene with Dorothy and Lillian Gish in the cast. Dancing will be enjoyed. In fact almost every possible entertainment will be provided to entice aid for the little children of France. The various booths will be in charge of society women, a coterie of debutantes assisting, while a committee of prominent society leaders will be in charge.

Mr. Ward Dawson, the well known tennis player, who recently returned to Los Angeles after having passed much time in Mexico and the Orient, was the host Monday evening at a theater party and supper. The affair was given in compliment to Lieutenant George Brown, U. S. N., son of Mrs. Eleanor Brown of this city; and also in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels of San Diego and Coronado who came up to Los Angeles for the event. Mr. Dawson's guests were first entertained at the Mason Opera House, later going to the Alexandria Hotel, where a handsomely appointed supper was enjoyed in the Ice Palace. Besides the guests of honor Mr. Dawson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wailes, Mrs. Thomas B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Warner, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Samuel Thomas, Miss Rose Nieto, and Mr. Thomas Bruen Brown. Lieutenant Brown has obtained a three weeks' leave of absence from his ship, the Louisiana, stationed just now off Norfolk, Virginia. He is being most delightfully entertained while here. Sunday evening he was guest of honor at a family dinner party given by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, at their home on West Adams street, the latters' son, Mr. George Hugh Banning, recently returned from the University of California, also being a special guest of the occasion. Mr. George Hugh Banning, by the way, is leaving soon for a voyage of the South Seas. He is a real lover of the brine, an experienced amateur sailor and he plans an interesting trip, inasmuch as he will make the trip as a seaman on one of the large sailing vessels whose course includes Australia, New Zealand and intermediate points. Mrs. Hancock Banning is planning a visit of several months in the east, where she will visit with her other son, Mr. Hancock Banning, Jr., who is a student at Cornell University.

Mrs. Georgia W. Ober of 1435 Alvarado Terrace, and her mother, Mrs. Allotta E. Wilson of 1217 Arapahoe street, were hostesses Thursday evening at an attractively arranged dinner party given at the Beverly Hills hotel.

The guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins Teague of Santa Paula and Mrs. Florence Collins Porter of South Pasadena, who recently returned from her duties as a member of the Panama-California World's Fair Commission at San Diego. Other guests, members of the hostess' card club, were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clark, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Kelsey, Judge and Mrs. Thomas O. Toland, Mrs. Clara W. Gries, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Vale, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lester Best, Dr. and Mrs. Moses Hodge Ross and Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Jenkins. Auction bridge formed the diversion of the evening.

With the increasing popularity of the Supper Club at the Alexandria the Monday night parties are becoming even more brilliant and the assemblage of society folk larger. This last Monday evening was marked by a number of delightful affairs, following theater parties at the Mason Opera House, where "The Passing Show" was featured. Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Rogers had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Fred Flint, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery. Another party with Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips as host and hostess included Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coffin. At another table Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Hancock entertained Dr. and Mrs. T. Edward Bailey of San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mullen and Miss Marie Rose Mullen. Chaperoning a party of young folk were Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Busch, whose daughter, Miss Amy Busch was hostess to a coterie of her friends. Guests included Miss Anita Thomas and her fiance, Mr. Wells Morris, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Mr. Paul Herron and Mr. John Garner.

Felicitations from a host of friends are being extended Mr. and Mrs. J. Langford Stack, Jr. Mrs. Stack formerly was Miss Elizabeth Wood, and she and Mr. Stack have been guests since early in the season of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood and her grandmother, Mrs. William H. Perry, of St. James Park. Young Master Stack is the second grandson to receive a welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Wood within the last few weeks, a little son having been born about a month ago to another son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joy Clark. This laddie, the second of the Joy Clarks' children, has been called Joy Clark, Jr., the little sister having been named after Mrs. Clark's sister, Mrs. Stack.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth of San Francisco were down last week-end for a short visit with Mrs. Blyth's mother and sister, Mrs. William E. Ramsay and Miss Katherine Ramsay of Western avenue. They left Monday for their northern home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Mott and Mr. and Mrs. John Fairchild returned to the city Monday after a delightful week-end at the Crags Country Club.

Honoring Miss Nina Robinson, the charming niece of Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, whose guest she is, Mr. Frank Hathaway entertained last Saturday evening with a dinner at the Athletic Club. Later the guests motored down to Ocean Park.

Mrs. Frederick Kimball Stearns, who with Mr. Stearns came to Los Angeles from Detroit, Michigan, and has been making their home in Beverly Hills, left last Saturday for New York where she will visit with her daughter, Miss Marjorie Stearns, who is studying music there. Mrs. Stearns was accompanied on her journey east by Mrs. Gertrude Ross, who plans to give a part of her time to studying orchestration. She will also meet with a few of the celebrities who have been singing her compositions in the last few seasons.

One of the most attractive of the week's society affairs was the smartly appointed dinner of fourteen places given last Saturday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds of Berkeley Square. The dinner party was at the Midwick Country Club, being planned in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Jack Murietta, the latter formerly Miss Mabel Boushey. Dr. and Mrs. Murietta who recently re-

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turned to Los Angeles to make their future home after several years passed in Arizona, have taken a place on Kingsley Drive, the home recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. James Rathwell Page upon the completion of their own new residence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Judson of San Francisco have been guests of Mrs. Judson's parents, Judge and Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray, for several days, including in their trip to Southern California a short stay in San Diego. Judge and Mrs. Gray who recently sold their home on Kingsley Drive are domiciled at Hotel Darby for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ford of Pasadena have returned home after an extended stay in New York City.

In honor of Mrs. M. S. Davies of Chicago who has been enjoying a stay here of several weeks, Mrs. F. E. Wilbur entertained recently with a dinner party at the Beverly Hills hotel. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppes, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mines, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr.



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and Mrs. James Rathwell Page, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Woodruff Smith, Mrs. James T. Currie and Mr. Dan Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jeffras of New York city have come to Los Angeles to make their future home. At present they are guests of Mrs. Jeffras' sister, Mrs. William J. Chichester, 2806 Menlo avenue. Mrs. Jeffras, who formerly was Miss Mary Gray of Louisville, visited here several years ago, when she met Mr. Jeffras whom she shortly afterwards married.

Mr. Cosmo Morgan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street, returned home last Saturday for a visit here of a week or two with his parents. A number of informal affairs are being given in honor of the young man while he is in the city.

Mrs. George S. Patton and her charming daughter, Miss Anne Patton, have returned home from Fort Bliss, Texas, where they went to visit with Mrs. George S. Patton, Jr., during a part of the absence of the latter's husband, Lieutenant Patton who has gone into Mexico as first aide to General Pershing. Mrs. Patton, Jr., who has with her two children, will remain in the border post for the present in order to keep in closer communication with her husband through the army quarters there.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace upon the arrival of a small son and heir. Mrs. Wallace, formerly Miss Juliette Boileau, was exceedingly popular in the younger set here and her wedding last season at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori was one of the brilliant events of the year.

Mrs. Dwight Satterlee entertained recently with an artistically planned luncheon, the guest of honor being Mrs. J. F. Kennedy of Oxford boulevard. Later the guests were invited to hear Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House" at the Mason Opera House. Saturday evening of last week Dr. and Mrs. Satterlee entertained with a dinner party at their home on South Burlington avenue, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Michael Francis Regan, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Alliot, Mrs. Herbert Peery, Mr. Andrew Park, Mr. and Mrs. William Howe Kennedy and Miss Ella True. The table was attractively decorated in Dresden colors, tiny old-fashioned bouquets being presented each of the guests. In the living room and reception hall great clusters of pink gladioli, blue larkspur, roses and ferns were artistically combined.

In honor of Miss Nina Robinson, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Miss Gretchen Day of St. James Park entertained with an attractive dinner party Thursday evening. The decorations were in American Beauty roses, augmented by crimson shaded lights. Places were arranged for Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Curran, Miss Ella Gardiner, Miss Pinita Drake, Miss Madeline Souden, Miss Lida Holcomb, Mr. William Warfield, Mr. Walter Davis, Mr. Dana Hogan, Mr. Robert Somers, Mr. Harry Brintnall and Mr. Pierce.

As a feature of the first of a series of week-end parties to be given at Ye Alpine Tavern this summer, Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison, well known in local musical and social circles, will contribute to the program several charming selections. Mrs. J. O. Crawford will be the accompanist. Another feature will be the readings and impersonations by Mrs. Robert Dalzell Jillson of New York.

Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine entertained informally yesterday with a daintily appointed luncheon, the affair being in compliment to Miss Elizabeth Helm, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Helm of Ellendale Place, whose betrothal to Mr. William Stark Rosecrans III was announced recently. Places at the luncheon table were arranged for ten of the bride-elect's most intimate friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop left Wednesday for Coronado where they will enjoy a week-end visit.

Mrs. M. A. Briggs entertained Friday with an afternoon at bridge, a coterie of friends being invited to her home, 3734 West Adams street, for the occasion. Later in the afternoon a number of young folk were invited in to meet her young granddaughter and grandson, Miss Eleanor MacGowan and Mr. Hilliard MacGowan.

Mrs. William Ramsay of Western avenue is entertaining this week-end with an enjoyable house party at her country home in the Tejunga canyon. "Alder-

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brook Camp." The party is in compliment to her house guest, Mrs. Oliver Barber of Detroit, and other guests include Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt and Mrs. Charles Monroe.

Society's calendar for next week is well filled with many delightful affairs, the most brilliant of which will be the Benedict's dinner-dance to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club Tuesday evening. This will be the initial affair with the Benedict's as hosts, and it promises to be of surpassing splendor.

Mrs. West Hughes of West Twenty-third street was hostess Wednesday at one of the prettiest of the week's informal social affairs. Her home was artistically abloom with pink gladioli

## Lucile's Shop Talk



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so. Tuesday was the date of the first of the luncheons, a second being given Thursday, about a dozen friends being invited for each occasion.

Dallas Lore Sharp would have the next generation of writers brought up in close contact with country life. Mr. Sharp knows the inspiration of the open air and he knows how to make his readers realize and enjoy the changing aspects of the seasons. Nor is he indifferent to the more practical features of the subject. His new book, "The Hills of Hingham," treats, among other subjects, of Seed Catalogues and Things, The Honey Flow, Mere Beans, and The Fields of Fodder.



# Books

"I BELIEVE in Pan Americanism and its great future because it is at the same time the most altruistic and the most practical foreign policy to which any country has ever devoted itself. It is based upon a study of, and a regard for, the viewpoint of other nations... It provides a definite foreign policy upon which the most practical of men may consistently unite with extreme idealists... It is the most practical agent for international peace thus far devised." This, the opening statement and keynote of George H. Sherrill's work, "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," is not the word of an idle dreamer or spectacled theorist, but of a practical man, the chairman of the committee on foreign relations of the chamber of commerce of the United States; one who has successfully represented our country in Argentina and has first hand knowledge of his subject. This is a rather different statement from that of a certain college professor and historical writer who says: "Pan Americanism has no past existence and is not a present reality. If we conclude it has no future we might declare it a dream or a nightmare. Not only are its premises fallacies, their very antitheses are realities." But as Mr. Sherrill suggests of such critics, this writer is a profound student who has never visited South America. The book gives a brief resume of the development of South America; of the steps which have been, and should be, taken to bring about better relations and understanding between North and South America; the reasons for development and misconceptions of the Monroe Doctrine, and Pan American understanding and cooperation. Of course he calls attention to the contradiction of our holding the Philippines while objecting to people of the eastern hemisphere colonizing or conquering the western, and has his suggestion as to the best way to dispose of them to increase our safety and security at home, and in the control of the Panama Canal. ("Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine." By Charles H. Sherrill, formerly U. S. Minister to Argentina. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

#### "Mrs. Balfame"

For the admirers of Gertrude Atherton who have been hailing her not merely as the greatest American woman novelist but have been removing the sex limitation in that designation, there must be disappointment in the latest work of this gifted Californian. In "Mrs. Balfame," Mrs. Atherton has turned her psychological powers to the consideration of a murderer—that her chief character does not actually commit the crime about which the tale centers the author cleverly makes merely an interposition of fate. It cannot be denied that she has given us a marvelously keen study of the almost sexless, coldly indifferent, small town society leader, and she has also dexterously concealed her denouement—in approved mystery-story style until the final chapter. But the tale is not full enough of unfathomable crime to be a good detective yarn, on the one hand, while it has too much of murder and mystery to be a really fine novel. The idea persists that Mrs. Atherton has wasted her abilities on unworthy material. Perhaps, the best thing about "Mrs. Balfame" is the opportunity which it allows the author for pungent comment on newspapers and the influence they exercise in the prosecution of the sensational crimes of the day. Her drawings of the representatives of the press who are detailed to "cover" such affairs are extremely complimentary. But "Mrs. Balfame" is likely to prove rather tedious reading for the detective-story devotee and hardly satisfactory for the more cultured reader. ("Mrs. Balfame." By Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

#### "Father Payne"

In England Arthur Christopher Benson is credited with being the author of the anonymous book of quiet reflections entitled "Father Payne." Certain it is that this delightful volume of pleasing, easily swallowed philosophy has the true Bensonian flavor. Indeed, that may account for the author's desire for secrecy. The burden of Father Payne's beliefs has often been expressed in the essays of A.

C. Benson, but presented in this new form, with a connecting running narrative, and without the Benson trademark, they are likely to be accepted as more of a novelty. Father Payne is a layman, a former school teacher, who having unexpectedly come into a small fortune and a big English country place, has built up a brotherhood of men who aspire to be writers and whom he entertains for such periods as he feels he can assist them in their careers. Father Payne is a bit of an autocrat, rather prone to enforce his views upon his fellows not so much by preaching as by reminders that he is master in his own house, but, withal, his opinions are gentle ones, the sort which most people of breeding and sane viewpoint would figure out for themselves if they had the time and inclination to study rules of conduct, instead of being so busy following unformulated rules. The bromides are sugar-coated with an agreeable style and going down easily enough. There are few things under the sun or the encyclopedia covers that Father Payne does not discuss—cads and Pharisees, critics, prayer, money, marriage, loneliness, ambiguity, beauty, love and so on to the extent of more than seventy exceedingly readable little essays, all bound together by the central tale of this interesting modern monastery. ("Father Payne." G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

#### "From Pillar to Post"

"From Pillar to Post" goes John Kendrick Bangs in the latest book collection of his magazine articles, philosophically pursuing his travels on the lyceum stage, taking his readers into his confidence over the trials and tribulations, the compensations and joys of lecturing in many distant parts of the great U. S. A. It is a volume full of the charms of Bangs' keen wit and kindly humor. He was close to the hearts and heads of the people he encountered in his travels, and he brings an optimistic picture of the composite, cheerful, robust American. One of his amusing adventures, here related with much gusto, is of how the antics of the Salton Sea nearly spoiled the itinerary of one of his western trips and led him to forget his nerves and exercise his nerve in persuading the good-natured people of Los Angeles to rush him about in their automobiles in order that he might catch his train for Salt Lake City. But in this anecdote Bangs proves that he is not a good reporter, no matter how fine a humorist he may be, for he has a citizen of Los Angeles say to his chauffeur "the San Pedro station, and never mind the speed limit." No, no, that man never said that—he'd have said "the Salt Lake station." It is only up in the Mormon capital by the lake that they call the line "the San Pedro." We'll forgive you, Mr. Bangs, because of the friendly tone of your remarks, but we wish that slip did not leave us with an uneasy wonder whether or not you have been any more particular with the southern idioms you use so delightfully. ("From Pillar to Post." By John Kendrick Bangs. Century Co. Bullock's.)

#### City Planning

"The benefits that are sought by town planning are, speaking broadly, three in number. They are an improvement in those circulating conditions created by indirect streets and congested traffic, the betterment of social conditions in many directions—notably in that of housing, and an increase in the visible beauty and splendor of cities. Under these headings gains are anticipated in economy, efficiency, health, comfort and looks."

In these words Charles Mulford Robinson indicates the scope and the value of his new book, "City Planning." Mr. Robinson's leadership in the movement toward the improvement of cities is well known. He is not a theorist only, though he has a fine vision of the city beautiful; he is a practical engineer who considers the needs of citizens and adapts the actual conditions to those needs. City planning as a science is new, but it is being advanced rapidly through the universal interest shown in it. For the practical man there is a field for all the applications of efficient organization to housing and transportation. This much is obvious. But the greater importance

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German public opinion. The same magazine contains a discussion of "American Prosperity" by Charles F. Speare and numerous other interesting articles, in addition to excerpts from current publications.

#### Notes From Bookland

Both Rex Beach and Zane Grey have put the romance of the Mexican border into their recent fiction—Grey in his novel, "The Light of Western Stars," and Beach in his latest book, "Heart of the Sunset." Contemporary events and personages figure in this latter romance, only a little veiled; and readers may like to think that in the Mexican general who keeps the American heroine a captive, they have found the original of the bandit now being pursued by our troops.

Louise E. Hogan, the author of "Diet for Children," has devoted her life to the study of the child's welfare. Her work and her writing have brought her in touch with millions. She edits the well-known department of "Mothers and Children" in Good Housekeeping; her newspaper articles have been syndicated far and wide. Mothers everywhere look to her for counsel and advice and know her as guide, philosopher and friend.

Charles Hanson Towne, whose new collection of poems, "Today and Tomorrow," was issued recently by George H. Doran Company, is an editor as well as a poet. He controlled the editorial policy of The Smart Set when that magazine was first marked by its cleverness and was equally popular in England and America. Mr. Towne, in those days, "discovered" innumerable writers. Henry Sydnor Harrison, the author of "Qued," published his first short stories in The Smart Set, encouraged by Mr. Towne. So did the Baroness von Hutton, Justus Miles Forman, James Branch Cabell, and others. Now, as editor of McClure's, he is finding many other young authors to whom he is giving opportunity and encouragement.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who has told in his autobiography, "Serving the Republic," the thrilling details of his Indian campaigns, made use of more primitive signalling methods than those at the disposal of the present forces in search of Villa. To cover the wide field of operation of hostile Indians, who roamed from northern Arizona for two hundred miles south of the Mexican border, he established a system of heliostatic communication by intrenching small detachments of troops upon high points of observation. "By means of the heliostat they could communicate rapidly," says General Miles, "over a large portion of Arizona and New Mexico."

Strange Photoplay for Miller's  
"Sins of Men," called the strangest photoplay ever shown on any screen, will be the William Fox photoplay offering at Miller's Theater for next week, beginning Monday. It is based upon the doctrine called "Myself," a creed of selfishness, and is the story of an old philosopher who writes a treatise on what he is pleased to term the new faith. Stuart Holmes and Dorothy Bernard are the featured players and the supporting company includes Hattie Burks, Stanhope Wheatcroft, Stephen Grattan, Pauline Barry and Alice Gale. "Mutt and Jeff in an Aeroplane," is to be the added feature.

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**The Apostolic Fathers.** Translated by Kiropp Lake. 2 Vols.  
**Appian's Roman History.** Translated by Horace White. 4 Vols.  
**Dio Cassius; Roman History.** Translated by E. Cary. Vols. I, II, and III.  
**Euripides.** Translated by A. S. Way. 4 Vols.  
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**Julian.** Translated by Wilmer Cave Wright. Vols. I and II.  
**Lucian.** Translated by A. M. Harmon. Vols. I and II.  
**Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.** Translated by C. R. Haines.  
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**Pindar.** Translated by Sir J. E. Sandus. 1 Vol.  
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**Plutarch: The Parallel Lives.** Translated by B. Perrin. Vols. I, II and III.  
**Procopius.** Translated by H. B. Dewing. Vol. I.  
**Quintus Smyrnaeus.** Translated by A. S. Way. 1 Vol.  
**Sophocles.** Translated by F. Storr. 2 Vols.  
**St. John Damascene: Barlaam and Josaphat.** Translated by the Rev. G. R. Woodward and Harold Mattingly.  
**Xenophon: Cyropaedia.** Translated by Walter Miller. 2 Vols.

### LATIN AUTHORS

(Bound in Red)

- Apuleius.** The Golden Ass. (Metamorphoses.) W. Adlington (1566). Revised by S. Gaselee. 1 Vol.  
**St. Augustine's Confessions.** Translated by W. Watts (1631). 2 Vols.  
**Caesar: Civil Wars.** Translated by A. G. Peskett. 1 Vol.  
**Catullus.** Translated by F. W. Cornish.  
**Tibullus.** Translated by J. P. Postgate.  
**Pervigilium Veneris.** Translated by J. W. Mackail. 1 Vol.  
**Cicero: De Finibus.** Translated by H. Rackham. 1 Vol.  
**Cicero: De Officiis.** Translated by Walter Miller. 1 Vol.  
**Cicero: Letters to Atticus.** Translated by E. O. Winstedt. Vols. I and II.  
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**Ovid: Heroines and Amores.** Translated by Grant Showerman. 1 Vol.  
**Ovid: Metamorphoses.** In 2 Vols. Translated by Frank Justus Miller.  
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**Plautus.** In 4 Vols. Vol. I. Translated by Paul Nixon.  
**Pliny: Letters.** Melmoth's Translation revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. 2 Vols.  
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**Suetonius.** Translated by J. C. Rolfe.  
**Tacitus: Dialogus.** Translated by Sir Wm. Peterson. **Agricola** and **Germania.** Translated by Maurice Hutton. 1 Vol.  
**Terence.** Translated by John Sargeaunt. 2 Vols.

To Be Published During 1916

### GREEK AUTHORS

- Achilles Tatius.**—**Daphnis and Chloe.**—**Dio Cassius, Roman History.**—**Galen.**—**Greek Anthology (W. R. Paton).**—**Homer, The Odyssey.**—**Marcus Aurelius.**—**Plutarch (Volume IV).**—**Procopius.**—**Strabo.**—**Theophrastus.**—**Xenophon.**

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# Stocks & Bonds

OLUME of transactions on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week has been noticeably below normal, although there has been a strengthening over the extremely weak tone of last week. Good days have been followed by poor ones and the market still is manifestly uncertain. The Oatman mining stocks, objects of the greater amount of buying and selling so far this year, seem to have recovered much of their former strength. Big Jim, the market leader in number of shares exchanged, advanced 12 cents Wednesday and is now in lively demand at \$1.30. It dropped as low as \$1.15 at one time this week. United Eastern, the highest priced of any of the Oatman stocks, again registered a gain and is back at \$4.20. Reports of favorable developments on the Black Eagle property of the Tom Reed company had a decided effect on this former leading Oatman stock, which advanced to \$1.70. News from the Oatman camp indicates that an ore strike may be expected on any one of five or six leading properties at any moment but the public appears determined to await the actual discovery before resuming its heavy buying of last month. Ivanhoe and Boundary Cone were in persistent call at better figures early in the week.

Average buying interest was manifested in oils and industrials. Union reached \$76 Monday but fell back to \$75, at which quotation a limited amount changed hands. Union Provident sold at \$74. Amalgamated, with production restored in its well at Hualde which was stopped by casing collapse six weeks ago, was strong, but quiet. There was persistent buying early in the week of Los Angeles Investment at a prevailing figure of 73 cents. The interest in the stock was attributed to reports that the company has effected a favorable lease of a large piece of its property to an oil company. Home Telephone shares were rather quiet, with common selling at a little better than \$40 and preferred at \$71. Bonds and bank stocks did not feel the impetus of a more active market and continued their quiet course, with practically all of the few sales negotiated taking place off board.

#### Banks and Bankers

Last Saturday, when the comptroller of the currency issued a call for statements from national banks, he brought home to the attention of Los Angeles people the fact that their deposits in national banks aggregate \$80,989,650 May 1, which is an increase of \$3,489,640 over the amount reported on the last previous call, March 13. Amount of loans and discounts has increased almost in proportion to the larger deposits, totaling \$54,948,963, which is a gain of \$1,205,369 over March 13. Available cash in the local national banks amounts to \$31,768,005, an increase of \$1,462,730.

Reports of the Pasadena national banks to the comptroller of the currency showing their condition at the close of business on May 1, indicated an increase of \$2,000,000 in deposits. The total deposits of the Pasadena national banks were \$15,685,336.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Since dissolution of the old Standard Oil Company the smaller corporations into which it was divided have paid or have pending stock dividends totaling \$200,000,000 and have given subscription rights at par amounting to \$42,000,000. Cash dividends of the Standard Oil group since dissolution have aggregated \$300,000,000.

American rail mills are booked full until May 1, 1917, a condition that never before has existed in the steel industry. In the last six weeks orders for 800,000 tons of rails have been placed, the bulk of them to be delivered next year.

April business on the Los Angeles stock exchange totaled 2,310,689 shares with a valuation of \$987,414.58. Mining shares took the lead, 2,151,683 shares of a valuation of \$639,678 changing hands. Industrials were in second place, the total value of shares transferred being \$189,203 and oils came third with 142,522.

So great an increase of its Los An-

geles business has been experienced since the first of the year by E. F. Hutton & Co. that this brokerage firm has found it necessary to add another room to its handsome quarters on West Fourth street.

#### GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

J. R. MALONY of San Francisco, president of the California Insurance Federation, addressed a largely attended meeting of representatives of all lines of insurance work at Choral Hall, Temple Auditorium, Wednesday evening, explaining the aims of the organization of which he is executive head. He devoted particular attention to the need of co-operation between all different branches of insurance in order to present a united front against state aggression upon private business. The larger proportion of Mr. Malony's hearers were younger insurance workers and men and women clerks from the various offices, who came to hear the doctrine which had been previously explained to the several underwriters' associations of the city.

Will Stephens, a popular Los Angeles insurance man, was toastmaster at the annual banquet of the California Association of Local Fire Insurance Agents held last evening at the Cafe Cristobal in the San Diego exposition grounds. The association's annual convention is being held at San Diego and will close its sessions this evening.

W. J. Clemens, agency director of the Great Republic Life of Los Angeles, has returned from a two week's agency inspection trip in the southwest.

Charles W. Helser, manager of the ordinary department of the West Coast-San Francisco Life, visited Los Angeles this week. Interesting announcements regarding appointments in this vicinity are expected from Mr. Helser in the near future.

Earl Carroll, composer of "So Long Letty" and of Oliver Morosco's new show, "Canary Cottage," was the particular attraction at the meeting of the Monday Morning club of the Pacific Mutual Home Office Agency this week. He gave a number of his own selections. Dr. Theodore G. Finley spoke on "How the Doctor Helps the Agent" and the Pacific Mutual medical director told of "The Relation of the Medical Department to the Agency."

J. W. Johnson, who has been agency director of the Western States Life at Portland, has been transferred to the Southern California agency in this city, where he will act as cashier, succeeding E. J. Dill, who has become a member of the Western States field force.

Robert H. Gobrecht, claim examiner of the Pacific Mutual Life, is making a trip of several weeks in the northwest, attending to special company business in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

May 17 has been set aside by the Long Beach Ad Club as "Insurance Day" and several Los Angeles insurance men have been invited to address the beach advertisers at a luncheon. Among those who probably will speak are I. O. Levy, president of the local casualty men's association, W. P. Battelle, president of the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters, J. E. Phelps of the state insurance commission office, Gail B. Johnson, vice-president of the Pacific Mutual and F. E. McMullen, former president of the National Life Underwriters' Association.

Even librarians will make mistakes sometimes, and it was in the public library of a college town that Ian Hay's "The First Hundred Thousand" was put into the fiction section because "all the earlier books by this author had been fiction." It happens that the crew of this particular college has an English coach who was much concerned when he learned of the mistake. Needless to say, the book has now been placed where it belongs, among the volumes of war literature.

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"Doctrine" is manifested by the announcement from the publishers that within a week after publication they received requests for permission to translate the book into Japanese, Russian and Spanish.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK Los Angeles

Council committee asks election on \$11,350,000 in bond issues.

Mayor takes hand in charges and counter-charges of graft in city council by naming investigation committee.

Flood Control Association announces new legislative program.

Supervisors order payment of \$10,000 reward to William J. Burns for capture of Times dynamiters.

California  
Steamship Roanoke sinks in gale off Port San Luis. Forty persons believed to have perished.

Forty-ninth encampment G. A. R. division of California and Nevada, held at Bakersfield.

Annual bathing girl parade at Venice rouses storm of protest.

United States  
Another raid by Mexicans across border upon town in Texas.

President calls out militia of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to guard border while regular troops proceed in pursuit of raiders.

German answer to American note on submarine question accepted by President Wilson as meeting demands of this country.

Foreign  
Many Irish rebels executed at Dublin. Germans resume desperate attacks upon Verdun.

Indecisive fighting in other fields of war.

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F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
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# Scores of New Dresses at \$25

—And their price—\$25—cannot begin to tell their merit—

—any more than they themselves can convey all the news of all the other new dresses that are here—but they can be messengers—and bring to you *The Suggestion that you should know, and that you should come and see*—not only the dresses at \$25—but also *The New Dresses* that are here at other prices—and *The Gowns and Dancing Frocks—The Suits, and Coats, and Skirts*—(particularly *the striking new sports wear* that is in such brilliant variety and so typical of Southern California at this very minute of "Now"—)

## Among the Latest Arrivals in \$25 Frocks

—Dainty creations of white linen and Georgette crepe—those of linen bordered in Hague blue, orchid and amber tones. Some of Georgette crepe combined with white taffeta or light striped silks.  
—Both Russian and French blouse models, some with corded bands of taffeta set close together almost half way up the skirt.  
—Some with huge patch pockets that have pointed overlaps.  
—Collars of various styles, some with colored inlays.  
—Then there are frocks of taffeta, pongee and crepe de chine in white and the most wanted colors.  
—Semi-sport, utility and dress models showing the Russian effects; Bolero, novelty Norfolk, coatee, semi-Princess and Postilion models; deeply yoked, French blouse and smocked styles.  
—Skirts gathered or pleated—some with tucks, others with picot-edged ruffles. Some with ruffled frills. Some with bands on lower edge of skirt.  
—Necks finished in many novel and artistic effects.  
—Some with wide, cape-like collars, others with sailor collars, or dainty over collars. \$25. Third floor.



# Surprising—Bullock's \$1.95 Blouses

—Surprising—in the quality of the materials—

—Surprising—in the daintiness of trimmings, the carefulness of needlework, their all-around excellence.

—The values are made possible by Bullock's specialization on blouses to sell at \$1.95—by the buying power that comes through having an outlet for great quantities.

—Among the dozens of new Summer models are

—At \$1.95—Marquisette blouse with two-in-one collar of organdy finished with black moire tie; cluster of pin tucks and fine embroidered sprays each side of front; washable buttons; cluster tucks across back; cuffs of organdy.

—At \$1.95—Blouse of allover embroidered marquisette; lay-down-collar and each side of front trimmed with filet lace; long sleeves.

—At \$1.95—High collared blouse of fine batiste finished with silk tie; semi-tailored model; fine tucks each side of

front, on shoulders and across back.

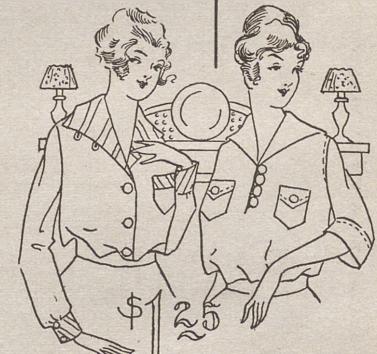
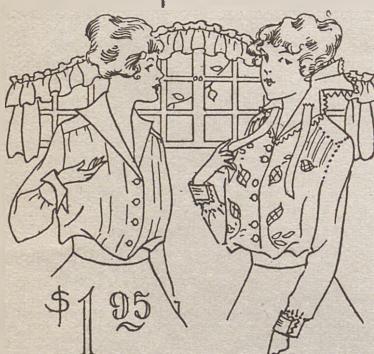
—At \$1.95—Crepe de chine blouses in white and flesh tint. Some with embroidered fronts.

—At \$1.25—Sports shirt of white poplin; two-in-one collar faced with black and white stripes; pocket and cuffs trimmed in black and white.

Same style as above, only with short sleeves, and trimmed with Copenhagen blue, \$1.25.

—At \$1.25—Sailor collared blouse of white gabardine, pocketed on each side, sleeves just the right length for tennis.

—Many other models in various fabrics at \$1.25—"Bullock's for Blouses, every time"—Third Floor.



**Bullock's**  
Los Angeles